S. S. UNION MUSIC.

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DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

MUSIC BOOK,

CONTAINING

A LARGE COLLECTION OF CHOICE PIECES FOR THE USE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THIRD EDITION.

PUBLISHED BY THE

Deseret Sunday School Union,

AT THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR OFFICE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1888.

UPB

PREFACE.

THOUGH to say "to fill a long-felt want" has become an expression so frequently misused as to have almost lost all force, yet, in presenting this modest addition to the publications of the Union, it can be most truthfully declared that the want of such a work as this claims to be has been felt and urgently called for for years by the officers and choir leaders of our Sunday Schools. We do not expect that this volume will supply every need of the officers and teachers of our Sunday Schools; we sincerely trust however, it will be an aid in the direction sought, and be the precursor of many yet more valuable works to aid in the musical development of the youth of Israel.

The Deseret Sunday School Union views with commendable pride the results of its efforts in developing the taste for good music in the midst of the Latter-day Saints; and trusts it will be able to yet add much in this direction.

The present volume contains eighty-eight pieces, mostly the productions of our home composers and authors. The pieces it contains present many varieties of style and treatment, and are adapted to the capacity of the Sunday School scholars of all ages, from those who belong to the infant to the members of the adult classes.

January 17, 1884.

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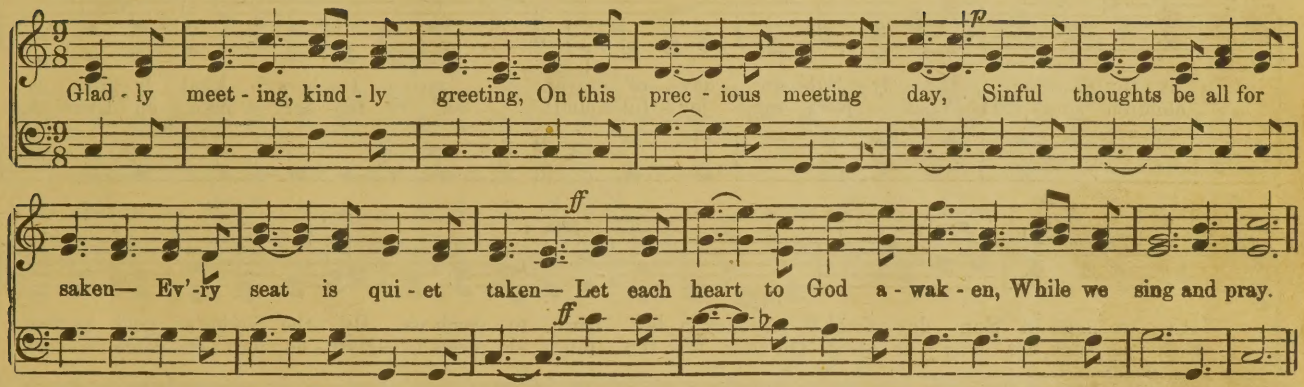
GLADLY MEETING.

Music by E. Stephens.



Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
Let us all unite in heart,
While the throne we're all addressing.
And our sinful ways confessing,
Let us seek a heavenly blessing,
Ere we hence depart.

Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
As each meeting shall return,
May our minds by study brighten—
May our aspirations highten,
And may grace our souls enlighten
While we strive to learn.

WELCOME, WELCOME SABBATH MORNING.

Words by R. B. Baird. **Music by E. Beesley.**

1. Welcome, welcome Sabbath morning, Now we rest from ev' - ry care; Welcome, welcome
2. Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing— Hear the ech - oes all a - round; List! the mer - ry

Fine.

is thy dawning, Ho - ly Sabbath day of prayer. Loving teachers kind - ly greet us
children sing - ing! What a pleas - ing, joy - ful sound! Ev' - ry ten - der note en - treats us,

D. C.

As we meet in Sun - day school, Where they la - bor hard to teach us By the Savior's gold - en rule.
Bids us come, nor long - er stay; On our way the mu - sic meets us—Hast - en, hast - en, come a - way.

Here we bow in meek devotion,
Here we sing His worthy praise,
Here our hearts, with fond emotion,
Seek to learn His holy ways.
From the books of revelation
We are taught while yet in youth,
Words of heavenly inspiration
Guide us in the paths of truth.

Here we meet with friends and neighbors,
Parents, too, are in the throng;
We are earnest in our labors—
To God's kingdom we belong.
Trials make our faith grow stronger
Truth is nobler than a crown,
We will brave the tempest longer
Though the world upon us frown.

Note.—Sing the first four lines of the first verse for a chorus

ROCK OF MY REFUGE.

Selected.

1 As swiftly my days go out on the wing, As onward my bark drifts o - ver the sea,
2 Dark sorrow may come with many a tear; Stern trials in life my portion may be;
3 Till angels of light my summons shall bring, Till upward with joy my spir - it shall flee,
} O Father in heaven, this

song will I sing: The rock of my refuge is Thee, The rock of my refuge is Thee. Rock of my refuge so

sure; Rock of my refuge so strong; O hide me therein From danger and sin, While here I am singing my song.

so sure, so strong,

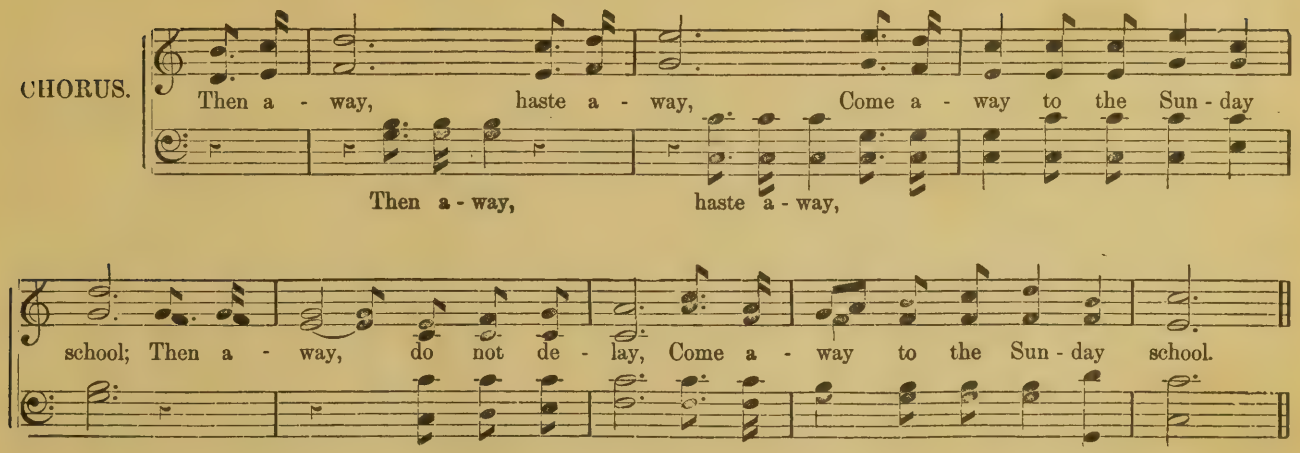
WHEN THE ROSY LIGHT OF MORNING.

By R. B. Baird.

When the ro - sy light of morning Soft - ly beams a - bove the hill, And the birds, sweet heavenly

songsters, Ev' - ry dell with mu - sic fill, Fresh from slumber we a - wak - en, Sunshine

makes the heart so gay; Na - ture breathes her sweetest fragrance On the ho - ly Sab - bath day.



For a good and glorious purpose
  Thus we meet each Sabbath day,
Each one striving for salvation
  Through the Lord's appointed way.
Earnest toil will be rewarded,
  Zealous hearts need not repine;
God will not withhold His blessings
  From the eager, seeking mind.

Cheerful hearts make duty pleasure,
  Willing hands make labor light,
Happiness crowns every effort
  In the battle for the right;

And when life's short day is ended,
  O, what joys we then will share,
If we here obey His precepts
  And prepare to meet Him there!

Let us then press boldly onward,
  Prove ourselves as soldiers true;
He will lead us, He will guide us,
  Come, there's work for all to do.
Never tiring, never doubting,
  Boldly struggling to the end,
In the world, though foes assail us,
  God will surely be our friend.

WE WANT TO SEE THE TEMPLE.

Words by George Manwaring.

We want to see the temple With tow - ers ris - ing high— Its spires ma - jes - tic

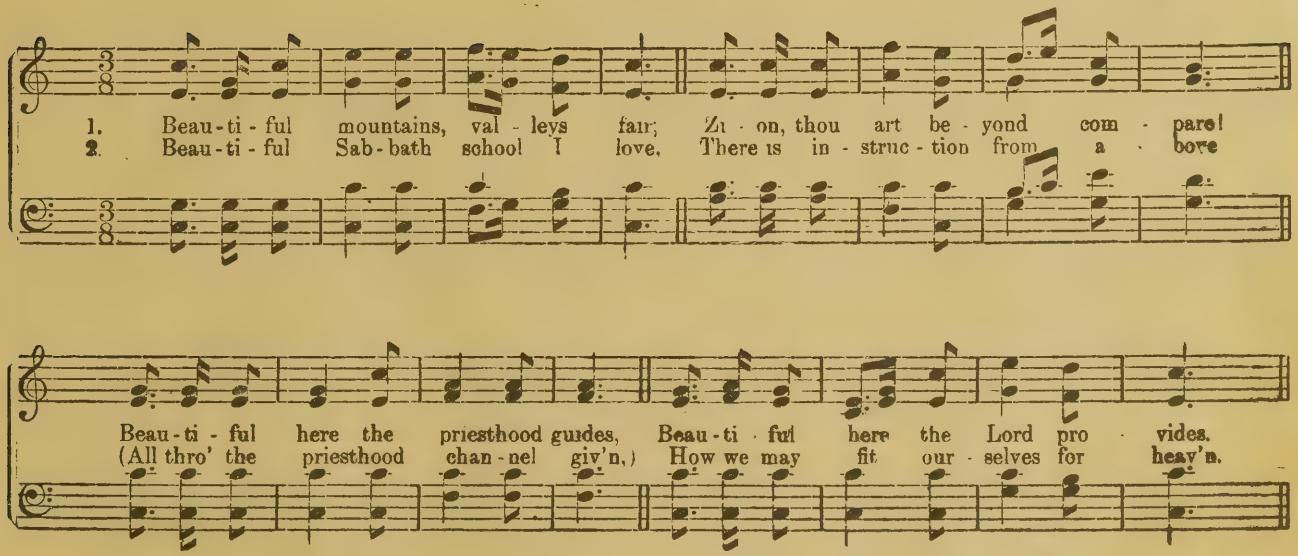
pointing Un - to the clear blue sky— A house where Saints may gather, And

richest bless - ings gain— Where Je - sus, our Re - deemer, A dwelling may ob - tain.

We want to meet the Savior,
And see Him face to face,
When He shall come in glory
Unto that holy place.

If we are true and faithful,
We'll hear our Savior's voice—
Receive a Father's blessing.
And in His love rejoice.

By William Powell.



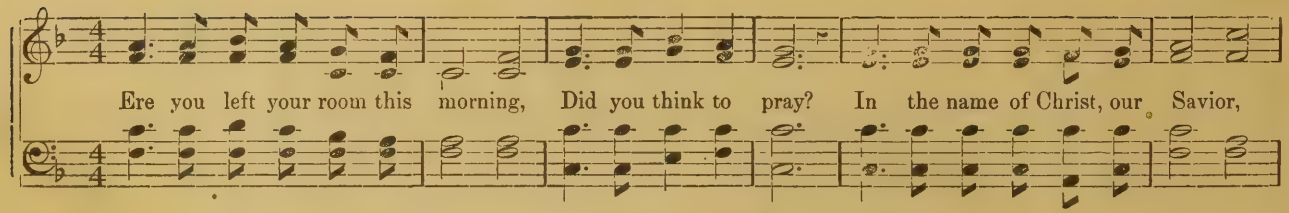
Beautiful teachings—source of joy,
Riches that time can ne'er destroy;
Beautiful is the iron rod,
Leading us back unto our God.

Beautiful rivers, gushing streams,
Beautiful are the bright sunbeams:
Beautiful home for you and me;
Beautiful truth that makes us free.

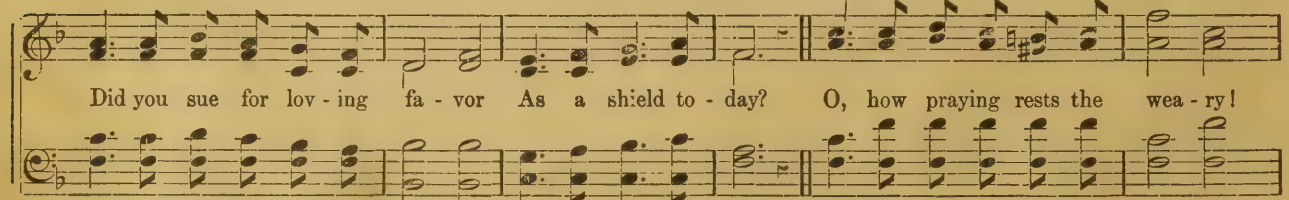
Beautiful are the songs we sing—
Hark, how the children's voices ring!
"Glory to God who reigns on high!"
Echoes around the earth and sky.

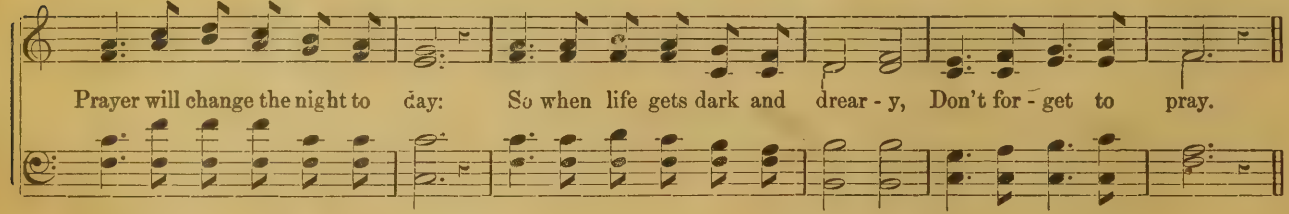
DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

Selected.



CHORUS.





When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was full of sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

WORDS BY C. W. STAYNER. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Merry, merry children, sweetly sing Of the happy days that the seasons bring: Each in its robes doth gai - ly ap - pear, The hearts of the children to comfort and cheer. Merry, merry children, sweetly sing Of the happy days that the seasons bring, Merry, merry children, sweetly sing Of the happy days that the seasons bring.

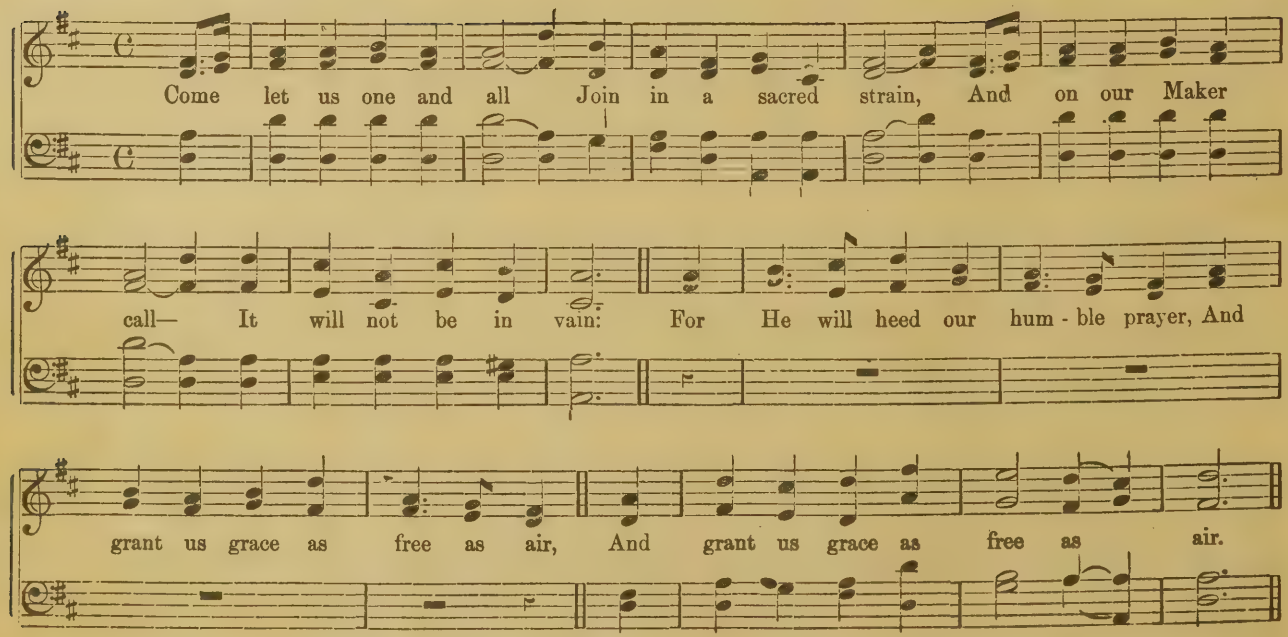
Merry, merry children, gently pray
That the happy times, which are passing away,
Long in your lives may linger and shine,
As gems of bright lustre and radiance divine.

Merry, merry children, soon the Spring
With her pretty buds, and her birds that sing,
Clad now in verdure, must change her array,
And then she will grow into bright Summer day.

Merry, merry children, Summer's heat
Follows ever after the Spring so sweet;
Autumn with sheaves of bright yellow grain
Doth herald the coming of Winter again.

SUPPLICATION.

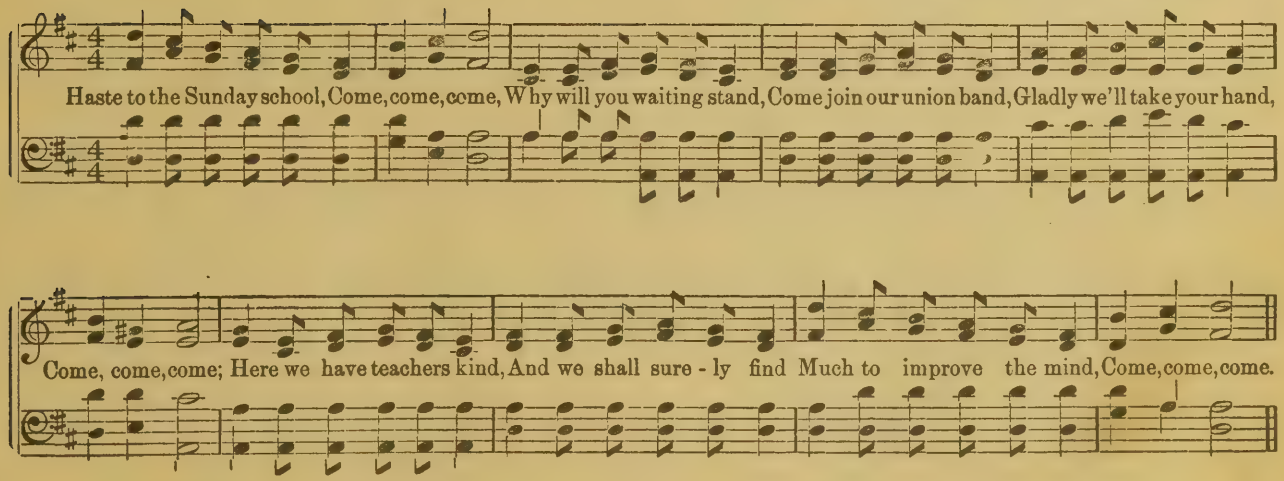
WORDS BY A. DYLRYMPLE. MUSIC BY L. SCHOFIELD.



O God of life and light,
Our hearts beat high with joy,
And with most pure delight
Our time we here employ,
Where we can learn each Sabbath day
To walk the straight and narrow way.

O Lord may we be wise
In early life, we pray,
And strive to win the prize
By walking in that way
That leads to immortality,
Where all the ransomed hosts will be.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. G. BICKLEY.



Haste to the Sunday school,
Come, come, come:
Here we with one accord
All meet to praise the Lord,
And learn His holy word—
Come, come, come.
Oh, do not hesitate!
Come, ere it be too late—
March on to heaven's gate—
Come, come, come.

Haste to the Sunday school,
Come, come, come:
Here we will learn the laws
Of God's most holy cause,
Then do not longer pause—
Come, come, come.
Why will you waiting stand?
Come, join our union band,
Gladly we'll take your hand—
Come, come, come.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

WORDS BY B. N. K. MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.

To Thee, our heavenly Fath - er, We'll now our voic - es raise, Thro' whose e - ter - nal mer - cy, We live in these last days.

We'll join to sing Thy praises
For blessings Thou hast given—
The blessings of the gospel,
Which leads from earth to heaven.

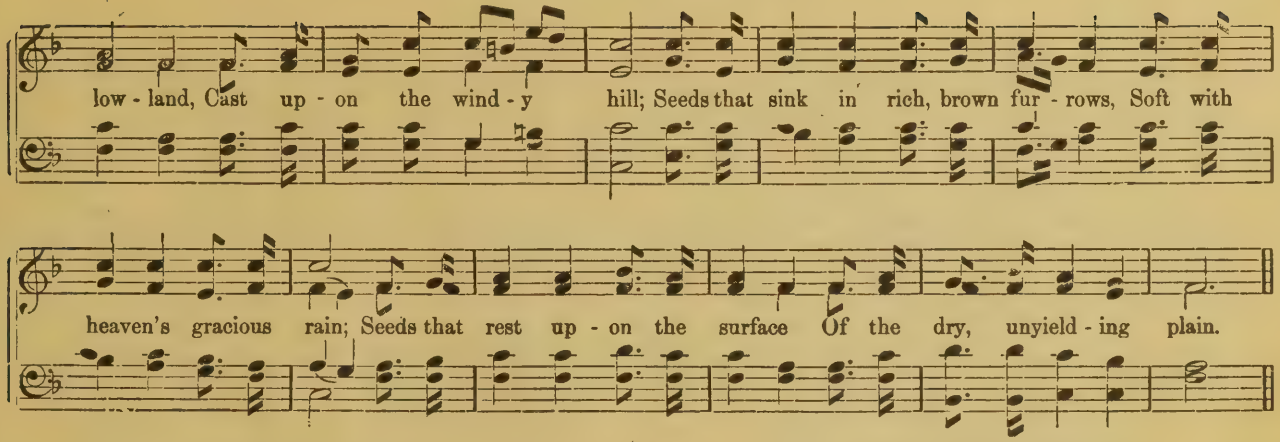
The Prophet Joseph brought us
Thy truth without alloy;
The principles he taught us
Fill humble hearts with joy.

We thank Thee that an angel
To earth the tidings bore,
That Thy eternal Priesthood,
Thou would'st again restore.

SOWING.

MUSIC BY H. A. TUCKETT.

We are sow - ing, dai - ly sowing, Countless seeds of good and ill, Scattered on the lev - el



Seeds that fall amid the stillness
  Of the lonely mountain glen ;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
  Trodden under foot of men ;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
  Flung at random on the air ;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
  Sown in tears, and love and prayer.

Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
  Lifeless on the teeming mould ;
Seeds that live, and grow, and flourish
  When the sower's hand is cold :
By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife ;
  In our words, and looks, and actions
Lie the seeds of death and life.

Thou who knowest all our weakness,
  Leave us not to sow alone !
Bid thine angels guard the furrows
  Where the precious grain is sown,
Till the fields are crowned with glory.
  Filled with mellow, ripened ears,
Filled with fruit of life eternal
  From the seed we sowed in tears.

Check the froward thoughts and passions,
  Stay the hasty, heedless hands ;
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
  Mar our fair and pleasant lands.
Father. help each weak endeavor.
  Make each faithful effort blest,
Till the harvest shall be garnered,
  And we enter into rest.

A HAPPY BAND OF CHILDREN.

Music by E. F. Parry.

A happy band of children, All joyous, blithe and free; With thankful hearts and prais - es, O Lord, we come to Thee. We thank Thee, Lord, for blessings, So rich be - yond com - pare— For life, for health and raiment, And Thy pro - tect - ing care.

But most of all we thank Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace;
That we may have salvation,
And see Thee face to face.

O Lord, do Thou watch o'er us,
And keep us day by day;
And bless Thy church and kingdom,
Thy little servants pray.

MUSIC BY GEO. CARELESS.

A - rise! a - rise! with joy sur - vey The glo - - ry of the lat - ter day:
Be - hold the way! ye heralds cry; Spare not, but lift your voic - es high;

Al - read - y has the dawn be - gun, Which marks at hand a ris - ing sun!
Convey the sound from pole to pole— Glad tid - ings to the cap - tive soul.

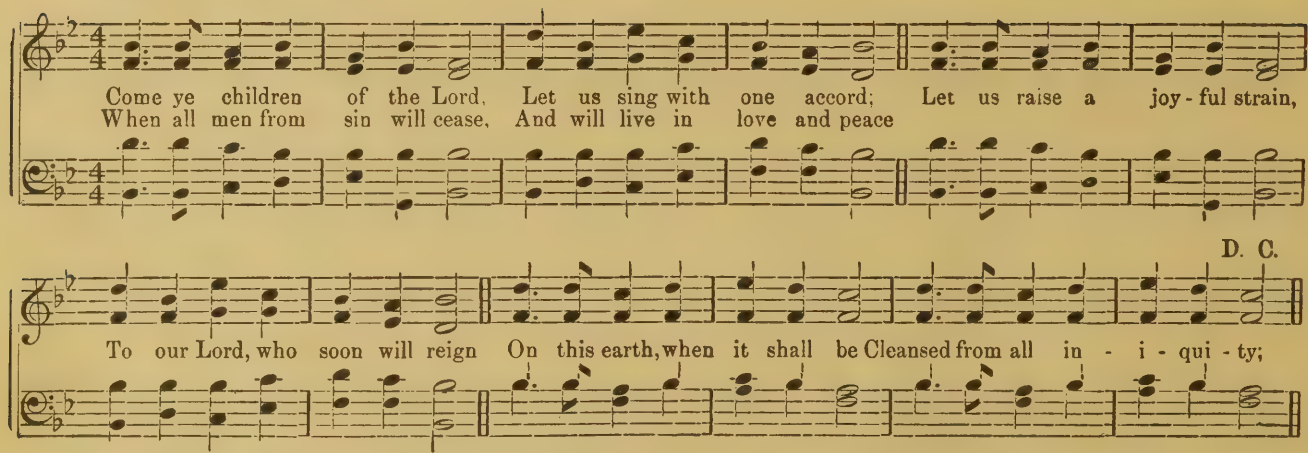
Behold the way to Zion's hill,
Where Israel's God delights to dwell:
He fixes there His lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place His own.

The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store:
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day:
Great Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.

ANTICIPATION.

WORDS BY JAS. H. WALLIS. TUNE: "ASCRIPTION."



Oh! how joyful it will be,
When our Savior we shall see;
When in splendor He'll descend;
Then all wickedness will end.
Oh! what songs we then will sing
To our Savior, Lord and King;
Oh! what love will then bear sway,
When our fears shall flee away.

All arrayed in spotless white,
We will dwell 'mid truth and light;
We will sing the songs of praise,
We will shout in joyous lays.
Earth shall then be cleansed from sin;
Every living thing therein
Shall in love and beauty dwell;
Then with joy each heart will swell.

Satan, who now prowls around,
By the priesthood shall be bound,
And into a pit be cast,
Till the thousand years are past.
Children then will live to be
To the great age of a tree;
Saviors on Mount Zion stand;
Truth exist in all the land.

Then, O let us sweetly raise
All our voices in God's praise;
While we dwell on earth below
Strive our Maker's love to show.
Never acts of evil do,
But all wickedness eschew;
Then when we shall pass away,
We will wake to endless day

GOOD NIGHT.

By E. Stephens.

Andante. *Moderato con moto.*

Good night, good night good night. Good night, kind friends, the hour is late, 'Tis time for us to part; O,
Good night, kind friends, may slumber sweet Bring dreams of pure delight, Un-

good night,

may the strains we gai - ly sing Give joy to ev' - ry heart. Tra la la tra la la tra la la la la la tra la
til a - gain in joy we meet, We wish you all good night.

good night. la la la la la la la

la tra la la tra la la la la la tra la la tra la la tra la la la la la tra la la tra la la la la.

la la la la la la *Repeat pp*

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

WORDS BY E. STEPHENS. MUSIC BY ALFRED PETERSON.

1 I'll strive while young to tune my voice, To songs of praise and love, The theme, of which I'll make a choice, Shall be my God a - bove.

2 He gives His children here be - low A thousand blessings rare, Each passing day and hour doth show His lov - ing, ten - der care.

3 He loves each little, harmless child,
The poor and lowly heart;
And e'en the soul with sin defiled,
Repenting hath a part.

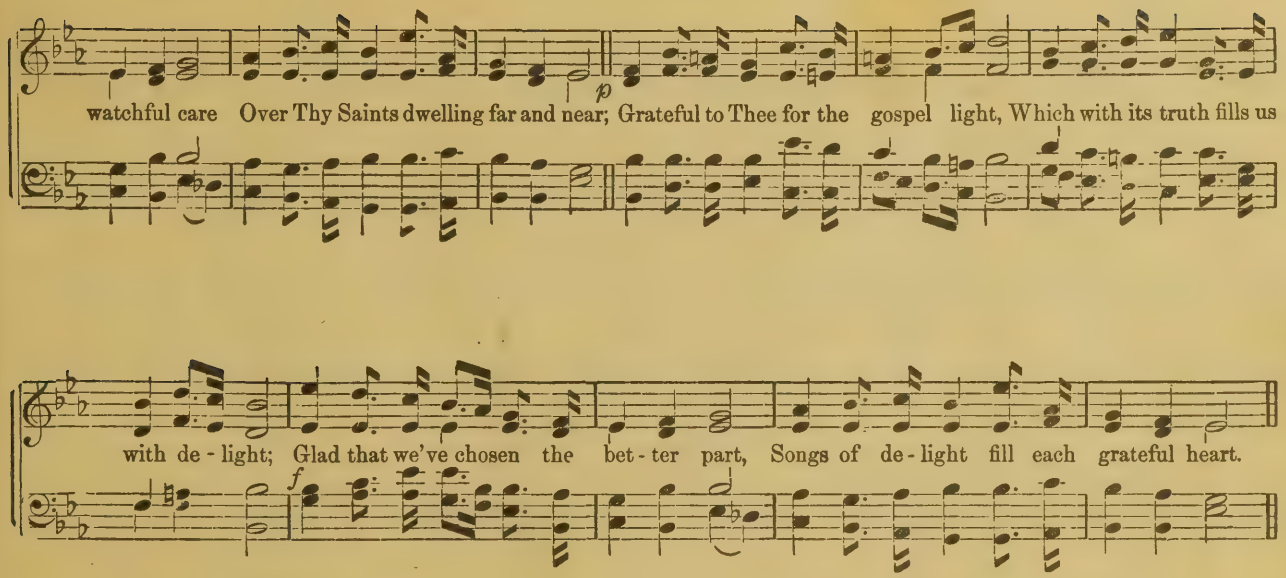
4 O, Father, good and full of grace,
Tune Thou my heart and voice,
That I may ever chant Thy praise,
And in Thy love rejoice.

SONG OF PRAISE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

f

Father, Thy children to Thee now raise Glad, grateful songs for Thy love and grace—For Thy protect - ing and



Thankful to Thee that a pilgrim band
Brought us to dwell in this favored land;
Led o'er the deserts and plains by Thee,
Here to a land of true liberty.
Thankful to Thee for the mountains high,
The fresh'ning breeze and the clear, blue sky;
And for the fields covered o'er with corn,
Which now our mountain vales adorn.

O may our songs to Thy courts ascend,
Pleasing to Thee may our voices blend:
Lead us as Thou hast the faithful led,
Feed us with knowledge and daily bread;
Let us not stray from the paths of truth—
Forgive us the folly and faults of youth.
Father accept Thou the songs of praise
Which from our hearts unto Thee we raise.

THE SABBATH DAY.

WORDS BY W. W. PHELPS. MUSIC BY T. C. GRIGGS.

Andante. *p*

Gent - ly raise the sac - red strain, For the Sabbath's come a - gain. That man may rest, That man may rest, And re - turn his thanks to God For His bles - - sings to the blest, For His bles - sings to the blest.

Holy day, devoid of strife—
Let us seek eternal life,
That great reward;
And partake the sacrament
In remembrance of our Lord.

Sweetly swells the solemn sound,
While we bring our gifts around—
Of broken hearts,
As a willing sacrifice,
Showing what His grace imparts.

Softly sing the joyful lay,
For the Saints to fast and pray,
As God ordains,
For His goodness and His love,
While the Sabbath day remains.

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW. MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Allegretto con moto.

f

O awake my slumb'ring minstrel—Let my heart forget its spell; Say, O say in sweetest accents, Zi - on

ff *p*

pros-pers! All is well. Zi - on pros-pers! Zi - on pros - pers! Zi - on pros - pers! All is well.

Strike a chord unknown to sadness,
Strike, and let its numbers tell,
In celestial tones of gladness,
Zion prospers! All is well.

Zion's welfare is my portion,
And I feel my bosom swell
With a warm, divine emotion
When she prospers: all is well.

Zion, lo! thy day is dawning,
Through the darkness shadows swell;
Faith and hope prelude the morning—
Thou art prospering: all is well.

Thy swift messengers are treading
Thy high courts where princes dwell;
And thy glorious light is spreading—
Zion prospers: all is well.

AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.

A - round the throne of God in heaven ten thousand children stand—
Chil - dren whose sins are all forgiv'n— A ho - ly, happy band. } Singing glo - ry, glo - ry,

Glory, honor, praise and power, Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er; Praise Him, praise him, praise ye the Lord.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?

Because the Savior shed His blood
To wash away our sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.

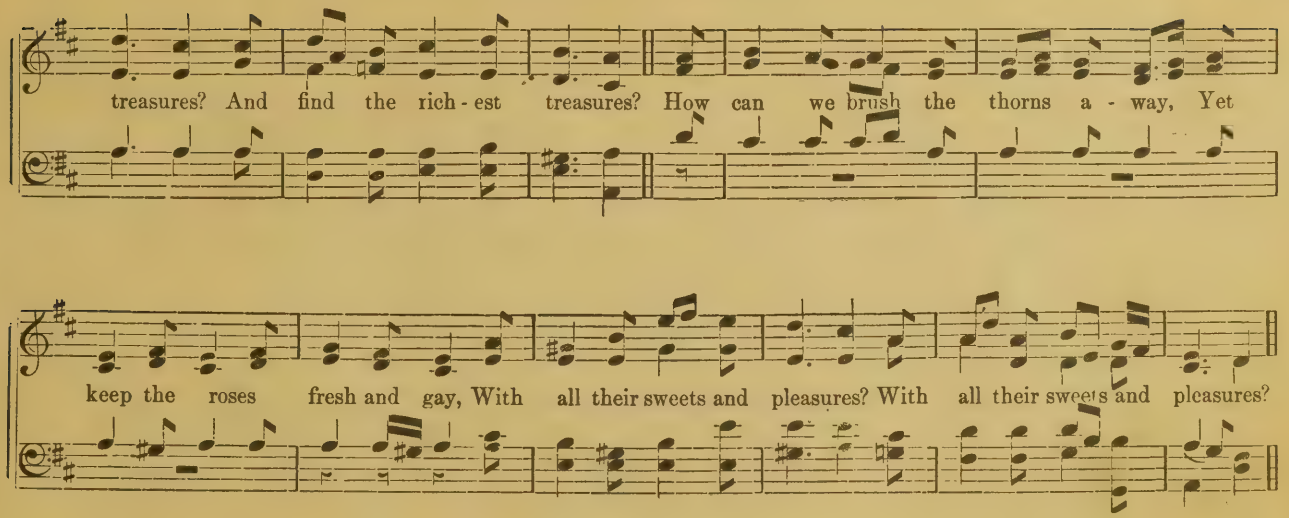
On earth they sought the Savior's grace—
On earth they loved His name;
And now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

LOVING ONE ANOTHER.

WORDS BY LULA. MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Moderato.

While passing through this earth - ly life, How can we best a - void the strife, And find the richest



By firm resolve of heart and mind
To be obedient and kind
  To father and to mother,
By gaining wisdom in our youth,
And clinging always to the truth,
  And loving one another.

How shall we prove that we are right
While in deceiving some delight,
  And seek to bring us trouble?
How tell to all the world we know
That God's own work will live and grow,
  Though evil forces double?

We must not flinch, we must not boast,
But of our chances make the most—
  All foolish pride we'll smother;
And truth will triumph in the test,
And we shall prove our way the best
  By loving one another.

And when we've passed the narrow way
Into the bright, eternal day,
  Each sister and each brother
May tell how valiantly we stood,
And gained our place among the good.
  By loving one another.

A PRECIOUS JEWEL.

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW. MUSIC BY ELLA BARKER, NINE YEARS OLD.

There is a pre - cious jew - el, Of worth and beau - ty rare; And one that's not too cost - ly For ev' - ry one to wear.

Of all the golden treasures
Which kings and princes boast,
This single lovely jewel
Is worth by far the most.

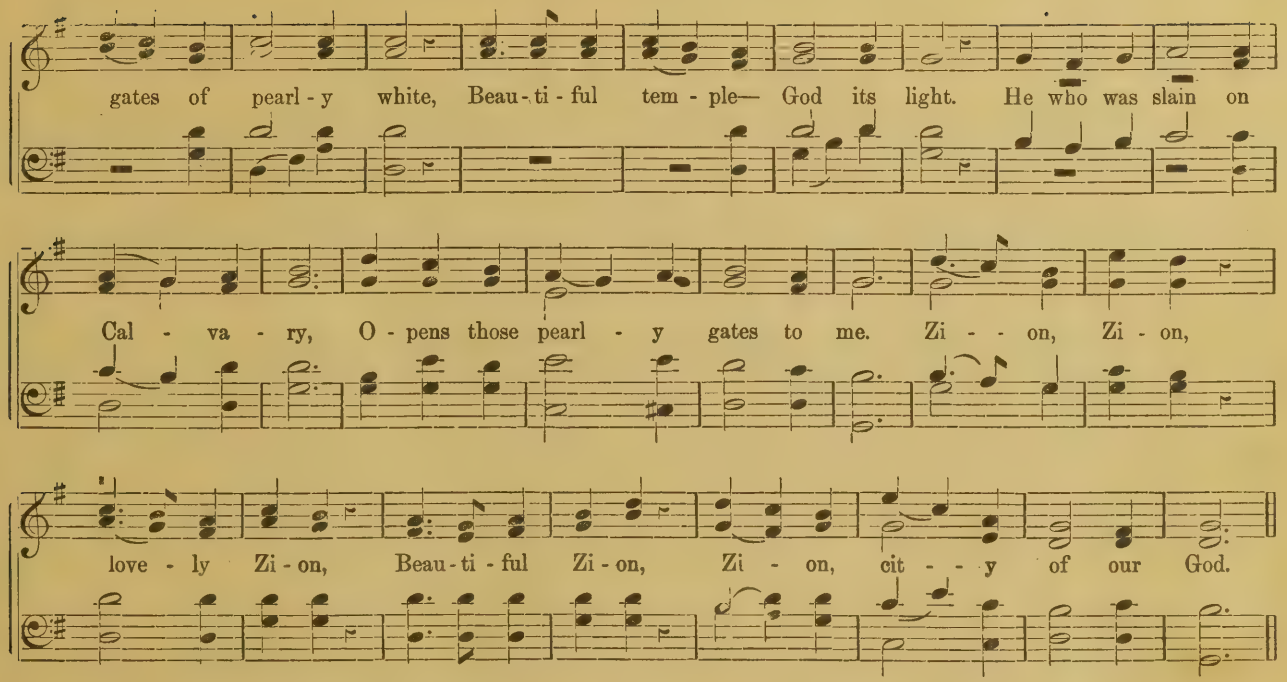
Inward, as well as outward,
This jewel must be hung;
And when the lips are open,
Should ornament the tongue.

Its name—can no one guess it—
This prize for age and youth?
I'll tell you: can you speak it?
It is not hard—'tis Truth.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

MUSIC BY J. G. F.

Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful cit - y that I love; Beau - ti - ful



Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire;
Beautiful harps thro' all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Savior's feet.
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conq'rors show;
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there:
Thither I press with eager feet—
There shall my rest be long and sweet,
Zion Zion, lovely Zion.
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.

HOPE OF ISRAEL.

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND. MUSIC BY WILLIAM CLAYSON.

Hope of Israel, Zi - on's ar - my, Children of the promised day, See, the chieftain

CHORUS. *Spiritoso.*

sig - nals onward, And the battle's in ar - ray! Hope of Israel, rise in might, With the sword of

truth and right; Sound the war - cry—"Watch and pray"—Vanquish ev' - ry foe to - day.

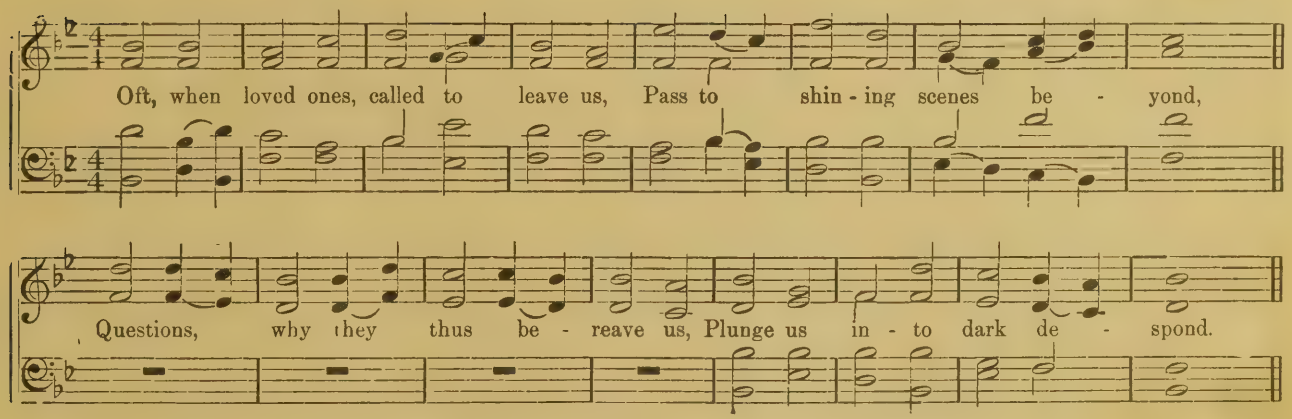
See the foe in countless numbers,
Marshaled in the ranks of sin;
Hope of Israel, on to battle,
Now the vict'ry we must win!

Strike for Zion, down with error,
Flash the sword above the foe;
Every stroke disarms a foeman,
Ev'ry step we conquering go.

Soon the battle will be over,
Ev'ry foe of truth be down:
Onward, onward youth of Zion,
Thy reward, the victor's crown,

WANTED ON THE OTHER SIDE.

WORDS BY C. W. STAYNER. MUSIC BY JNO. S. LEWIS.



But with words most true and tender
Some one whispers at our side,
"Service he has gone to render,
Wanted on the other side!"

Wanted? Yes, to preach salvation!
Visit friends long passed away,
Father, mother, dear relation,
Longer here he could not stay!

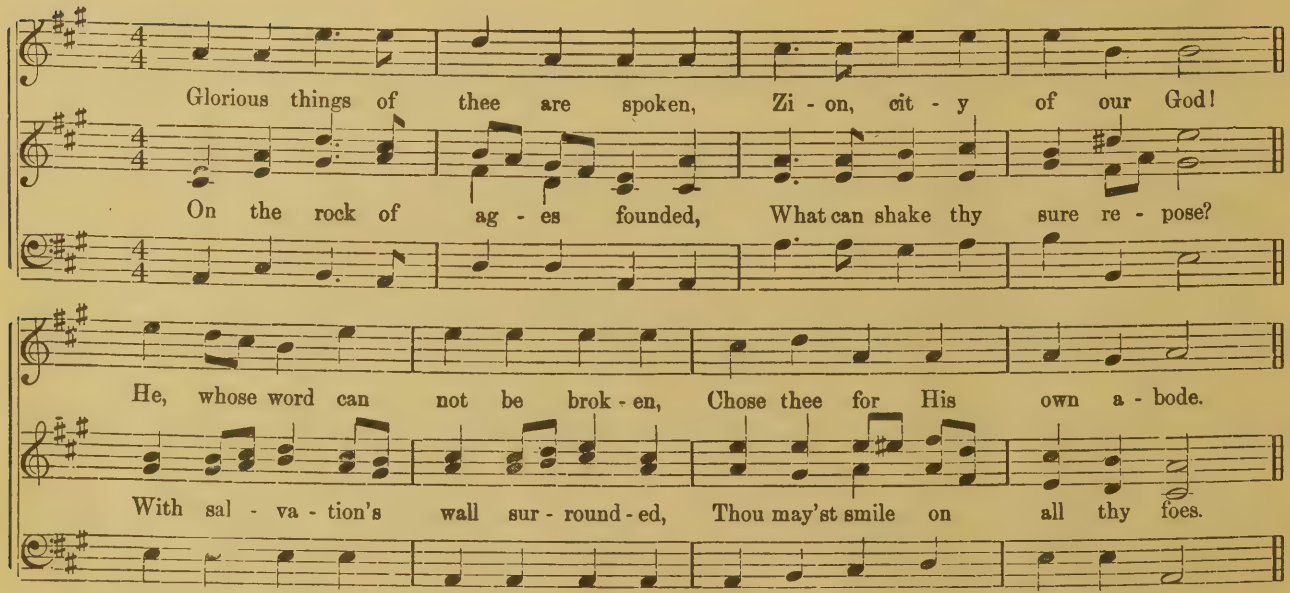
They were waiting there to see him,
He with us could not abide,
Rests his clay in mausoleum,
Spirit on "the other side,"

While we mourn, there welcomes greet him.
Hail to one so nobly born!
With what joy they flock to meet him,
Him for whom we mortals mourn!

Cease your sobs! Oh, cease your weeping,
In your Savior now confide,
He is in the Lord's safe keeping,
Wanted on the other side!

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

MUSIC BY J. S. HANSEY.



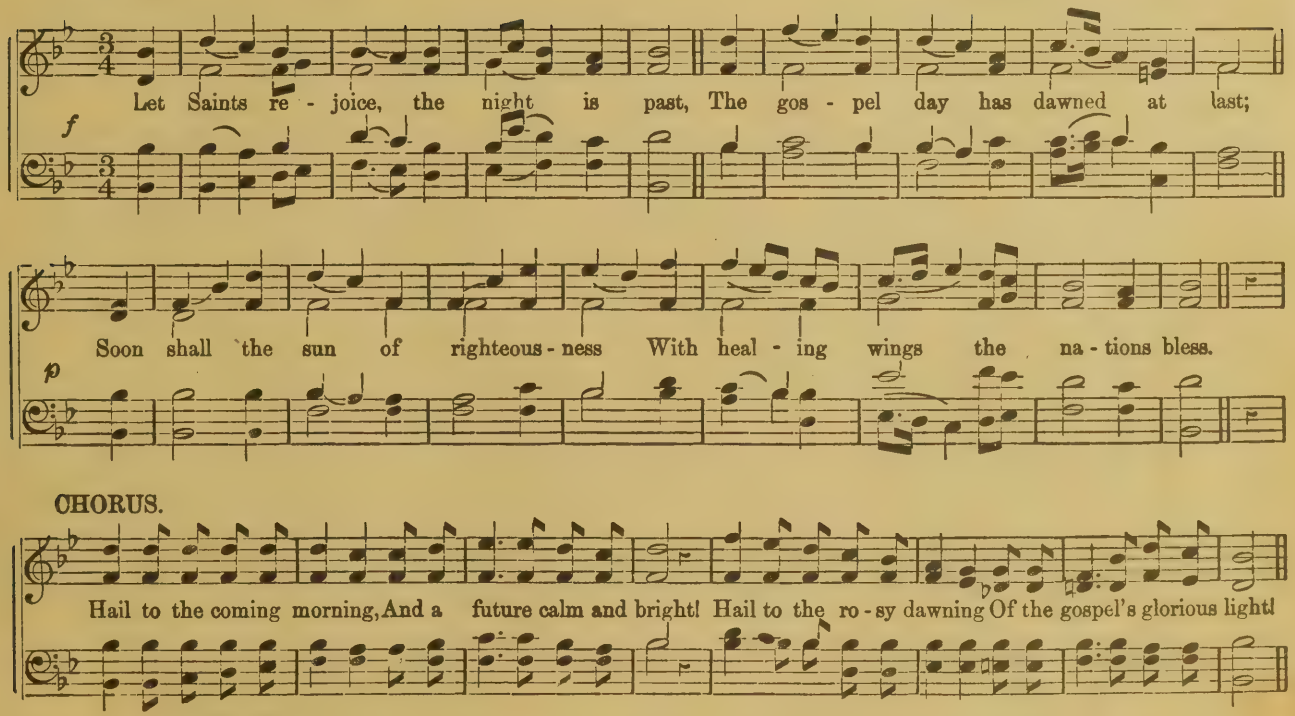
See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from celestial love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove.

Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!

Fading are all worldly treasures,
With their boasted pomp and show;
Heavenly joys and lasting pleasures,
None but Zion's children know.

WORDS BY J. H. WARD. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.



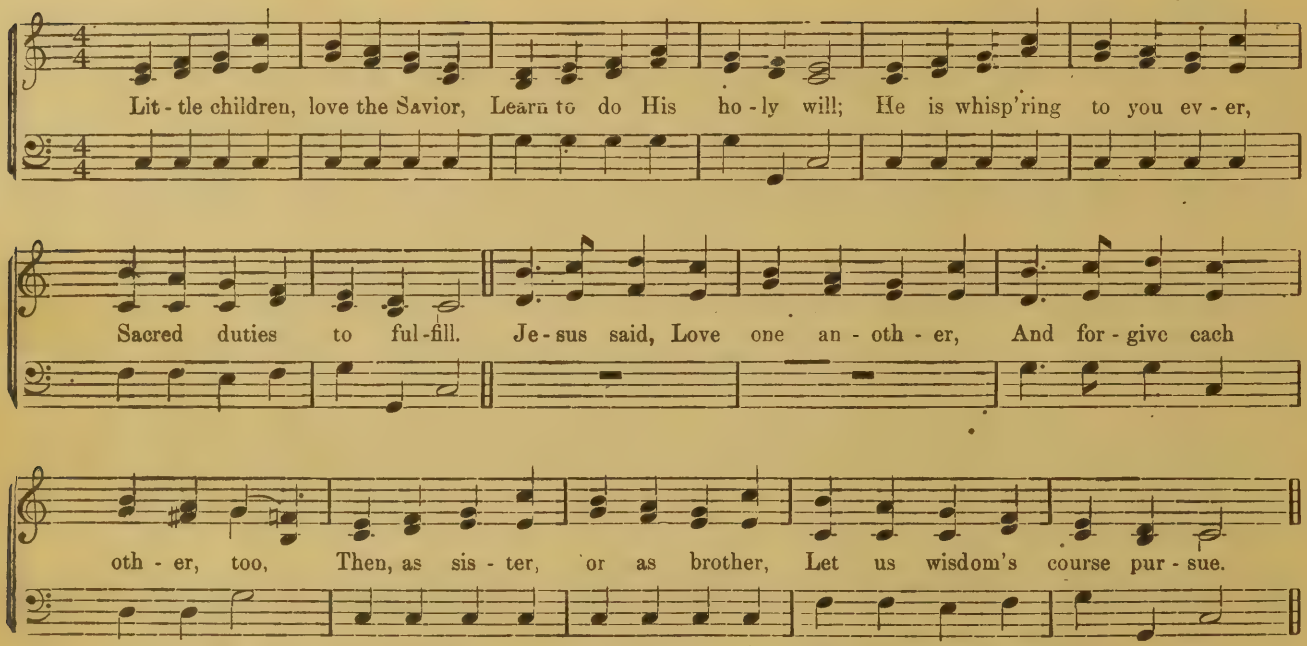
Let all obey the Lord's command
To spread the truth in every land,
Till all who dwell in error's night
Shall learn of Him and dwell in light.

Redeemed to God each land shall be,
And every island of the sea,
All nations learn to know the Lord
And live obedient to His word.

O speed the years and bring that day
When sorrow shall be done away:
When in the Savior's peaceful reign
Earth shall her long lost Eden gain.

LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE THE SAVIOR.

WORDS BY E. B. WELLS. MUSIC BY A. PRESTON.

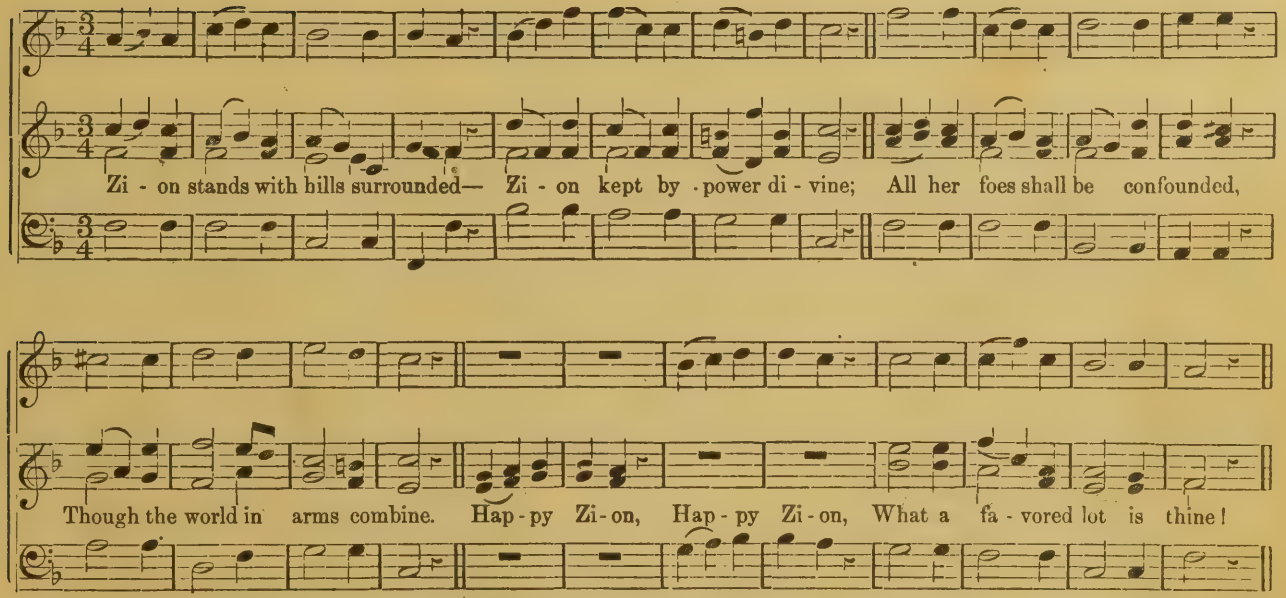


Meek and humble like the Master,
To the Father we will pray,
That our footsteps may not falter
In the straight and narrow way.
We are learning to be useful,
In life's lessons day by day;
Honest, upright, gentle, truthful,
Treading wisdom's pleasant way

Honor father, honor mother;
These are precepts Jesus taught:
And with kindness to each other,
May our actions all be fraught.
We must seek for heav'nly favor,
In the path our Savior trod;
Bravely wrestle with endeavor,
Holding fast the "iron rod"

ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED.

MUSIC BY A. C. SMYTH.



Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee—
Thou shalt triumph in His might.

—Awarded 3rd Prize in Class E, by the Deseret Sunday School Union.

WE'LL SING ALL HAIL TO JESUS' NAME.

WORDS BY R. ALLDRIDGE.

MUSIC BY JOS. COSSLETT.

Moderato.

We'll sing all hail to Je sus' name; Hon - or and praise we give To

Him who bled on Cal - vary's hill, And died that we might live.

He passed the portals of the grave,
Salvation was His song!
He called upon the sin-bound soul
To join the heavenly throng.

He seized the keys of death and hell.
And bruised the serpent's head;
He bid the prison doors unfold,
The grave yield up her dead.

The bread and wine do represent
His sacrifice for sin;
Ye Saints, partake, and testify
Ye do remember Him.

The sacrament the soul inspires,
And calms the human breast;
Points to the time when faithful Saints
Shall enter into rest.

Then hail, all hail, to such a Prince,
Who saves us by His blood!
He's marked the way, and bids us tread
The path that leads to God.

THE CLASSMATES' SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. G. WHITNEY.

Moderato.

f

1. Hark, hark, hark to the classmates' song! List, list, listen to the class - mates' song!
2. Shout, shout, shout till the echoes ring; Shout, shout, shout forth the song we sing!

mf *rit.* *dim.*

Strong in the fight for truth; Full in the hope of youth, Now joyous strains we pro - long.
Firm in the ranks we stand, U - nit - ed heart and hand, Sweet notes of love and joy we bring.

Rather slow.

Hoping, trusting, striving, battling on, Resting not un - til our work is done; Looking upward, marching,
Striving for the side of truth a - lone, Living for the righteous cause we own; Surely treading onward,

Hope on, trust on, strive on, battle on, Rest not till our work, our work is done; Look up, look on,
Strive on for the side of truth alone, Live on for the cause, the cause we own; Surely tread - ing,

cres. *f* *p*

pressing forward till the fight is lost or won. Hold the faith, keep the truth, This our song shall be; Strong and
firm advancing till our la - bor here is done. Hold the faith, etc.

press on, march on Till the fight is lost or won. Hope on! this our song, our song shall be;
firm advanc - ing Till our la - bor here is done. Hope on, etc.

brave, firm and true, scorn to flinch or flee; Whoe'er assail, right will prevail. This our theme, our constant song shall be.

f

Trust on, scorn to flinch, to flinch or flee Whoe'er assail, right will prevail. This our theme, our song shall be.

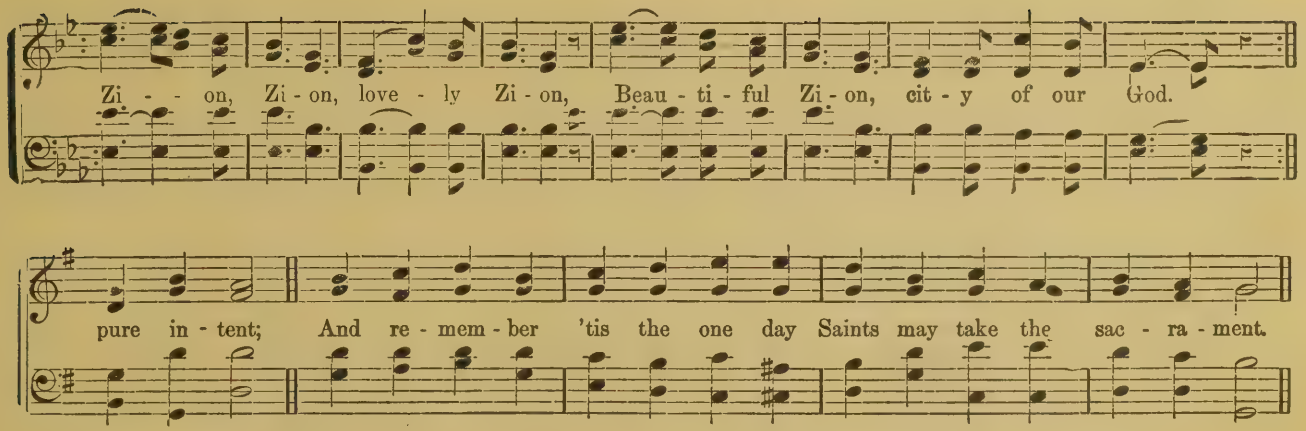
THE SACRAMENT.

WORDS BY LULA. MUSIC BY JOHN DETTON.

Moderato.

Lit - tle ones, the Sav - ior loves you; For He died that you might live: Would you feel that He approves you?

mp



If you've hurt a little brother,
  Or to sister been unkind,
Cross'd your father or your mother,
  Failing their good words to mind—
If you feel yourself offended,
  Rest not with a wrong, content:
All such things should be amended,
  Ere you take the sacrament.

While you eat and drink, 'tis fitness
  In your little hearts to pray;
For this token is a witness
  That you will the Lord obey;
Pray to Him, and He will hear you,
  And His Spirit will be lent,
And good angels will be near you
  While you take the sacrament.

Little children, love the Savior!
  For He died that you might live;
Lay aside all rude behavior,
  And He will your fauls forgive:
Fear no harsh, unkindly sentence,
  Mercy sweet from heav'n is sent;
Come with faith and true repentance,
  And partake the sacrament.

NEARER, MY SAVIOR, TO THEE.

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND. MUSIC BY WILLIAM CLAYSON.

Andante.

Nearer, dear Sav - ior, to Thee, Nearer, near - er to Thee; Ev - er I'm striv - ing to be Nearer, yet near - er to Thee! Trusting, in Thee I con - fide, Hoping, in Thee I a - bide— Take, O take and cher - ish me, Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Proved by my trials, I'll be
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!

Humbly I come to Thee now,
Earnest, I prayerfully bow—
Take, O, take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Ever my anthem must be,
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
Loving Thee, ever I pray,
Aid me Thy will to obey—
Take, O, take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee,
Nearer, nearer to Thee;
Let me by holiness be
Nearer, yet nearer to Thee!
When all my trials are done,
When my reward I have won,
Take, O, take and cherish me,
Nearer, dear Savior, to Thee!

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MUSIC BY R. S. HORNE.

With reverence. Moderato. Cres. *f* *Rit.*

p

Our Fa-ther, our Fa-ther, our Fa-ther which art in heav-en, hal-low-ed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy kingdom come, Thy king-dom come, Thy will be

done in earth, in earth, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this

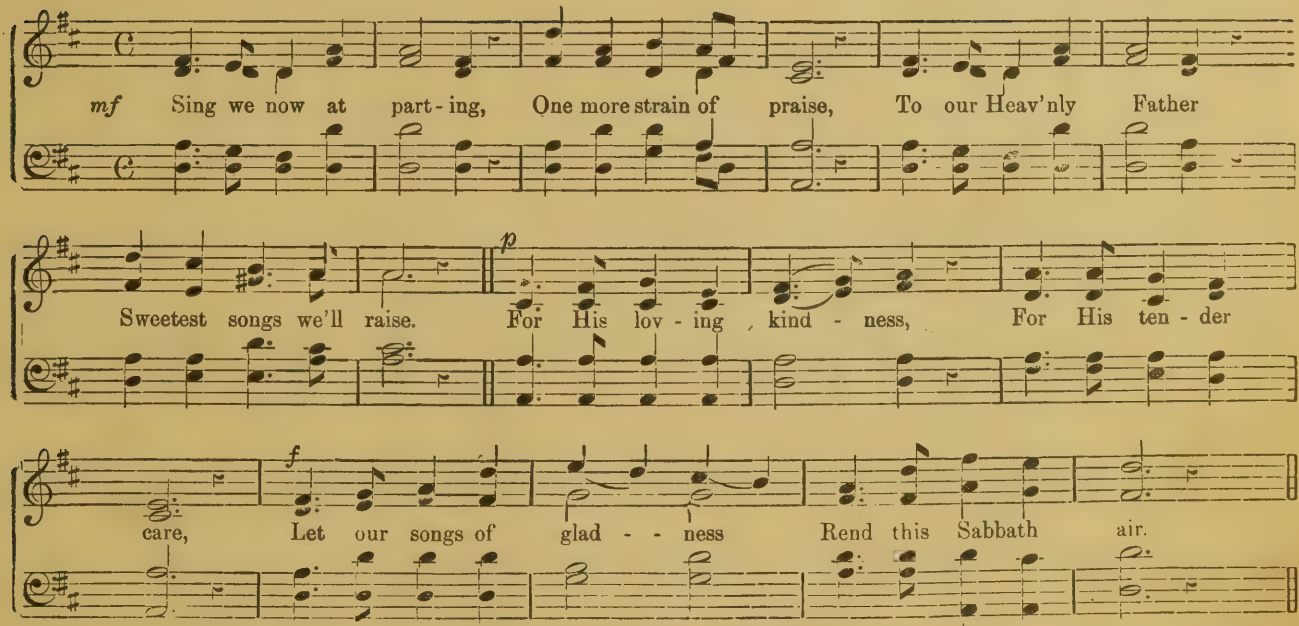
day our dai - ly bread. And for - give us our debts, and for - give us our

debts as we for - give our debtors. And lead us not in - to temp - ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from

e - vil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glo - ry, for ev - er. A - men. a - - - men.

PARTING HYMN.

WORDS BY GEO. MANWARING. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.



Praise Him for His mercy,
Praise Him for His love,
For unnumbered blessings
Praise the Lord above.
Let our happy voices
Still the notes prolong,
One alone is worthy
Of our sweetest song.

Jesus, our Redeemer,
Now our praises hear,
While we bow before Thee,
Lend a listening ear.
Save us, Lord, from error,
Watch us day by day,
Help us now to serve Thee
In a pleasing way.

LOVE AT HOME.

There is beauty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at home, Peace and plenty here a - bide, Smiling sweet on every side, Time doth softly sweetly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home: Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses bloom beneath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home.

Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the world is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
O, there's one who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

WORDS BY WM. WILLES. MUSIC BY J. S. LEWIS.

Come ral - - ly round the Sun - - day school, Where peace and love and

Come ral - ly round the Sun - day school, Where peace and love and

or - der rule; Where youth and age in un - - ion meet For innocence— a safe retreat.

or - der rule; Where youth and age in un - ion meet For innocence—a safe retreat.

1st Time. 2nd Time.

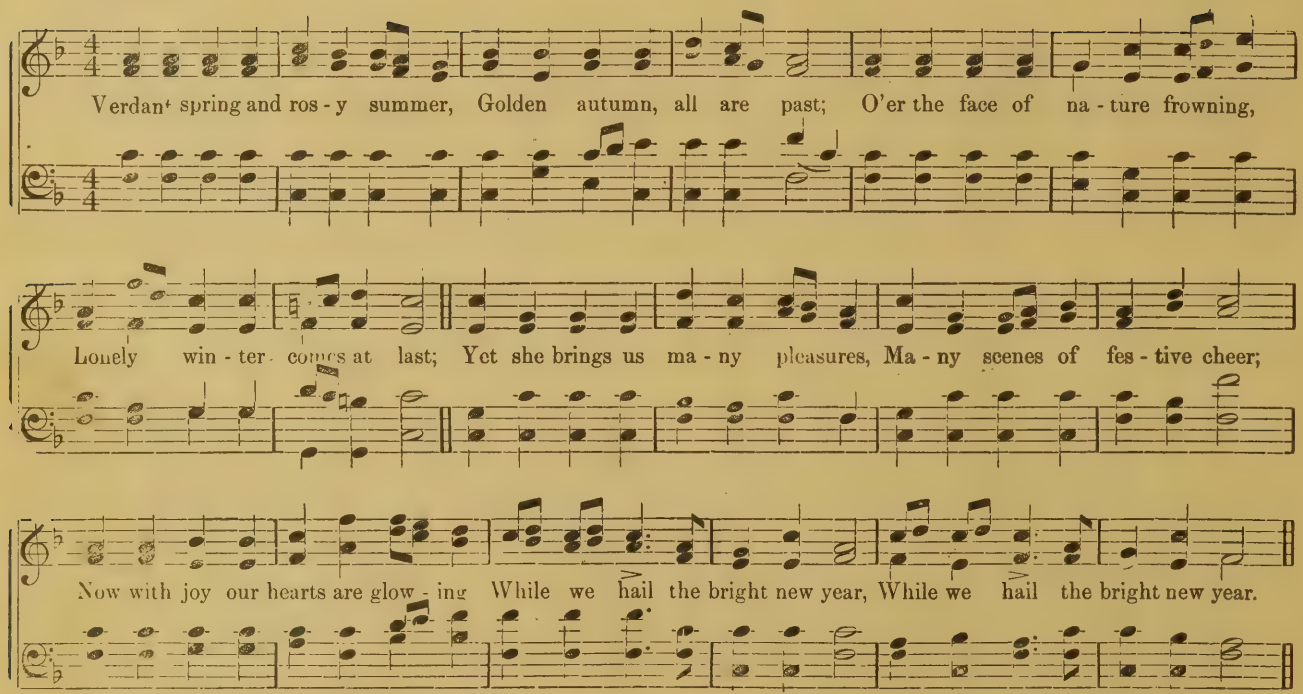
Come ral - ly round, Come ral - ly round, Come rally round the Sunday school;
Where peace and love, Where peace and love, Where peace and love and order rule.

'Tis here a flood of gospel light
Pours its bright rays upon our sight;
We joyful mingle with the throng,
In prayer, and praise, and sacred song.

'Tis here we get instruction good,
And learn to act as children should:
We learn to love and speak the truth,
And practice it in daily youth.

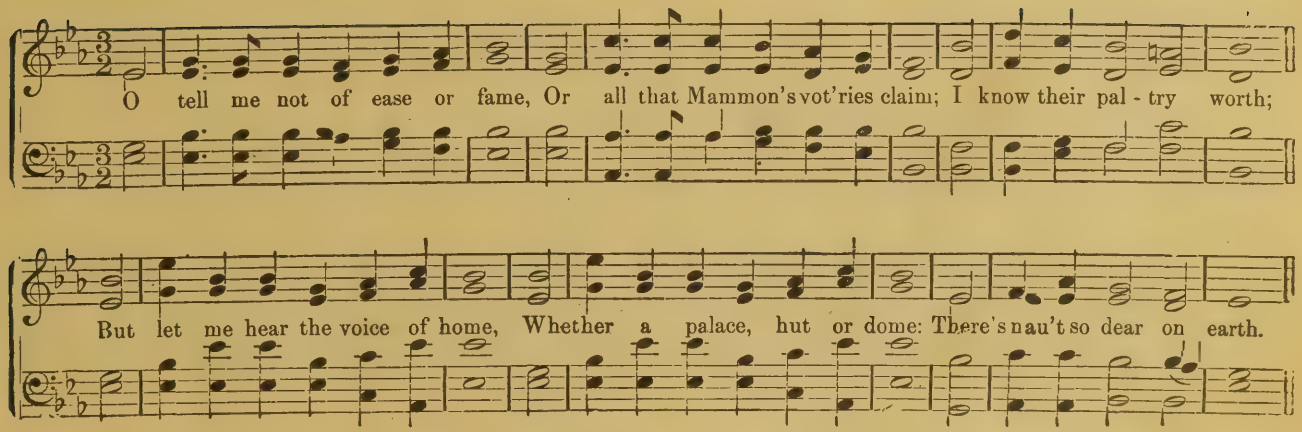
THE BRIGHT NEW YEAR.

Joyfully.



Sliding, skating, laughing, shouting,
Down the rugged hill we go;
Hark! the sleigh bells gaily pealing
O'er the white and downy snow!
Can we think the winter dreary,
When such merry tones we hear?
Now the cup of pleasure sparkles,
While we hail the bright new year.

Though the forest shades are silent,
And the birds have flown away,
We can warble sweetest music,
We can sing as light as they.
Happy season, happy greeting,
Friends and kindred far and near,
Take our best and kindest wishes,
While we hail the bright new year.



Talk not to me of splendid halls—
Of sumptuous feasts, where folly calls
For fashion's ample fee;
But talk of home's most frugal treat,
Where love and pure affection meet
In plain simplicity.

Talk not of princely crowns to me,
Or proud, imperial dignity,
Replete with slavish care;
But talk of home's unblazoned things,
Where virtue smiles and wisdom sings
Sweet sonnets, rich and fair.

Home! charming sound, unknown, to fame,
Has more kind feelings in the name
Than all the studied lore
That stoic brains have ever thought,
Or stoic genius ever taught
To all the world before.

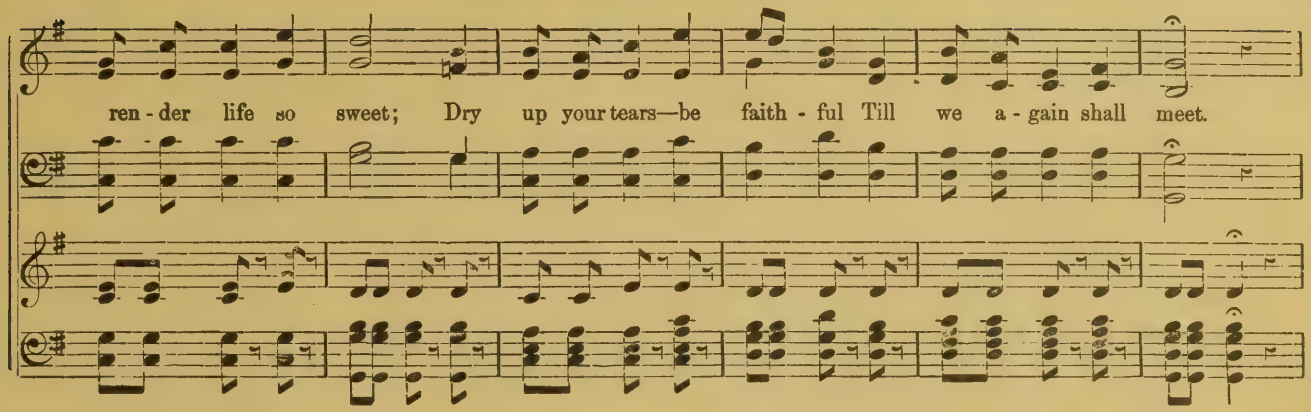
But yet, the home, the heavenly prize,
Which far beyond this scenery lies,
Is the rich boon I crave;
Though here, a stranger I may roam,
My heart is fixed—I have a home,
Secure, beyond the grave.

THE "MORMON" MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

WORDS BY W. W. PHELPS. MUSIC BY A. C. SMYTH.

Semplice e piano.

Fare - well, our friends and breth - ren, Here take the part-ing hand; We go to preach the gos - pel In ever - y for - eign land. Fare - well our wives and chil - dren, Who

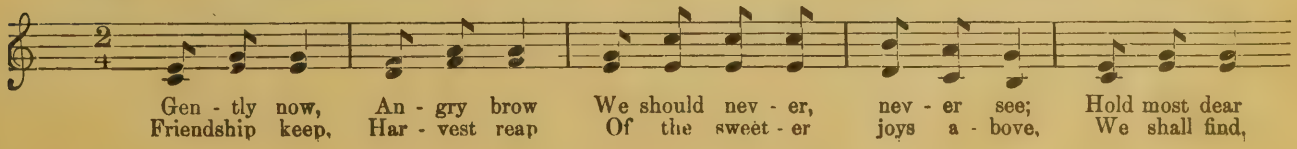


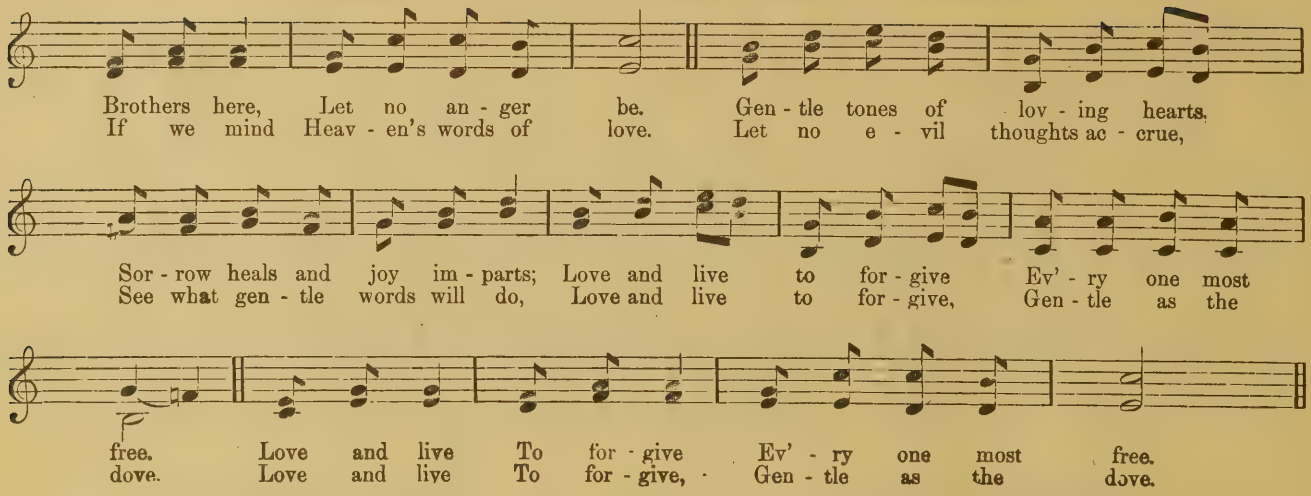
Farewell, ye scenes of childhood,
And fancies of our youth;
We go to combat error
With everlasting truth.
Farewell, all carnal pleasures,
Which gild the scenes of mirth;
Your days are surely numbered
To trouble man on earth.

Farewell, farewell our country;
Our home is now abroad,
To labor in the vineyard,
In righteousness for God.
The gallant ships are ready
To bear us o'er the sea,
To gather up the blessed,
That Zion may be free.

HEAVEN'S WORDS OF LOVE.

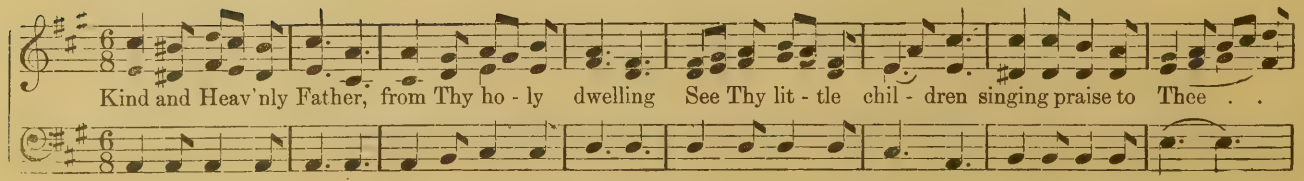
WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND. MUSIC BY A. C. S.

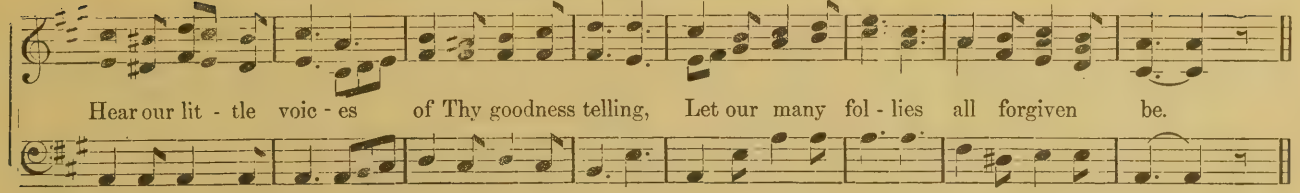




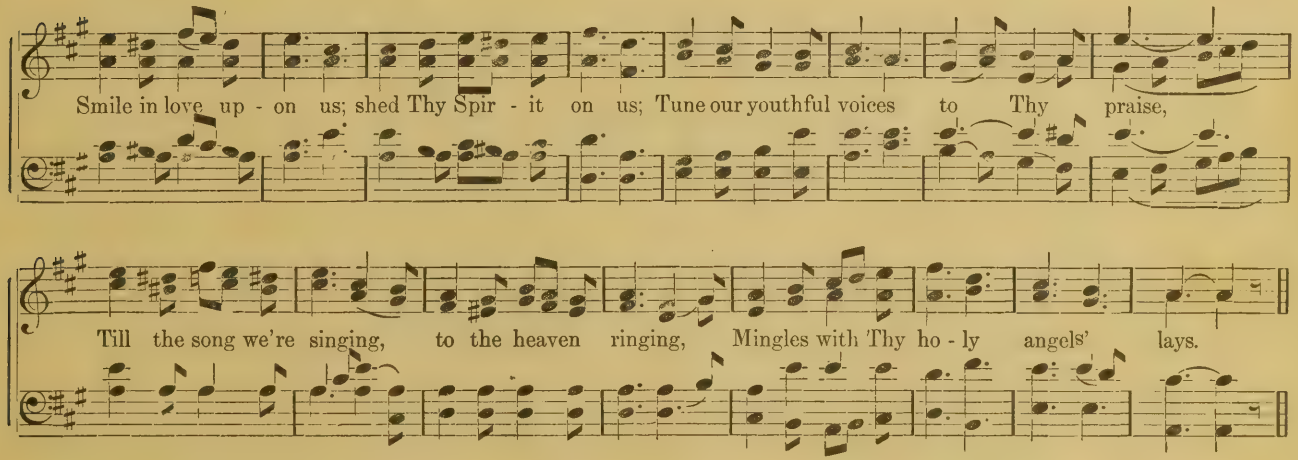
THE CHILDREN'S SONG-PRAYER.

By E. Stephens.





CHORUS.



Father, we will praise Thee for Thy many blessings,
Which we are receiving from Thy bounteous hand:
For the peaceful vales which we are now possessing,
And the streams of water flowing through the land.

Bless the faithful leaders who are placed above us,
As they kindly teach us here to do Thy will;
Bless our friends and parents who so dearly love us—
Help us all our duties rightly o fulfill

BEAUTIFUL STAR.

Beau - ti - ful star in heaven so bright, Softly falls thy silvery light; As thou movest from earth a - far,

Star of the evening. Beau - ti - ful star, Star of the evening, beau - ti - ful star. Beau - ti - ful star.

Beautiful star

Beau - ti - ful star; Star of the even - - - - ing, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful star.

Beautiful star; Star, star of the evening, evening, Beau - ti - ful. beau - ti - ful star.

In fancy's eye it seems to say,
Follow me; come from earth away;
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
In realms above, beyond the sky.

Shine, O star of love divine,
O, may your soul's affections twine
Around thee, as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.

MUSIC BY T. C. GRIGGS.

Moderato. *ff* *dim.* *cres.*

Joy to the world! the Lord will come, And earth re - ceive her king, And earth receive her King: Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare Him room, Let ev' - ry heart pre - pare Him room, And Saints and an - gels sing.

Rejoice! rejoice! when Jesus reigns,
And Saints their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

Rejoice! rejoice in the Most High!
While Israel spreads abroad,
Like stars that glitter in the sky,
And ever worship God.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET THEE?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.

Spiritoso. *p* *mf* *p*

When shall we meet Thee, dear Savior a - bove? When shall we be - hold Thy face? When shall we greet Thee with

mf *f* *Dim.*

tokens of love, In that happy, ho - ly place? When we have finished our mission below, And on earth we

f *Dim.*

no more roam, Will you approve of our work when we go To our glorious fu - ture home?

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

f When shall we meet Thee, dear Sav - - ior a - bove? When shall we be - hold Thy face?

O, when shall we meet Thee, dear Sav - - ior above?

p When shall we greet Thee with to - - kens of love, *f* In that happy, ho - ly place.

O, when shall we greet Thee with to - - - kens of love,

When shall we meet Thee, our Savior and Lord?
When shall we Thy glory see?
When shall we go to obtain our reward
And in heaven be crowned with Thee?
When Thou wilt come in Thy glory and might,
Over all the earth to reign,
May we be holy and pure in Thy sight,
And Thy approbation gain.

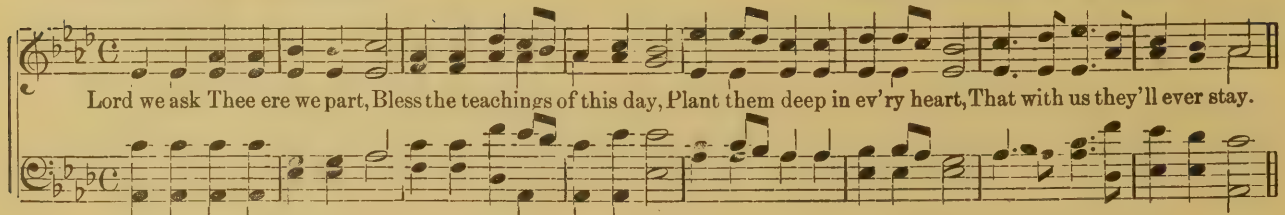
When shall we meet Thee, Redeemer and Friend?
When shall we in heaven abide?
When shall the just to Thy mansions ascend,
Where our God and Thee reside?
When all our labors on earth are complete
And our mortal life is o'er,
When we have gone where our record we'll meet
On that bright eternal shore,

CHORUS AFTER LAST VERSE.

Then we will meet Thee, dear Savior above,
Then shall we behold Thy face;
Then we will greet Thee with tokens of love,
In that happy, holy place

CLOSING HYMN.

WORDS BY GEO. MANWARING. MUSIC ARRANGED BY E. BEESLEY.



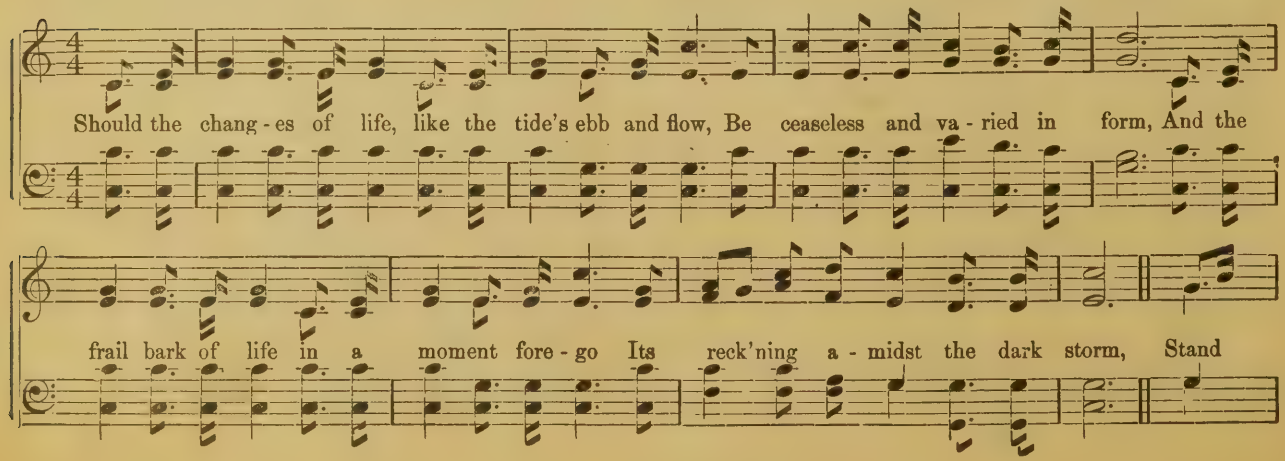
In the innocence of youth
We would all Thy laws fulfill;
Lead us in the way of truth,
Give us strength to do Thy will.

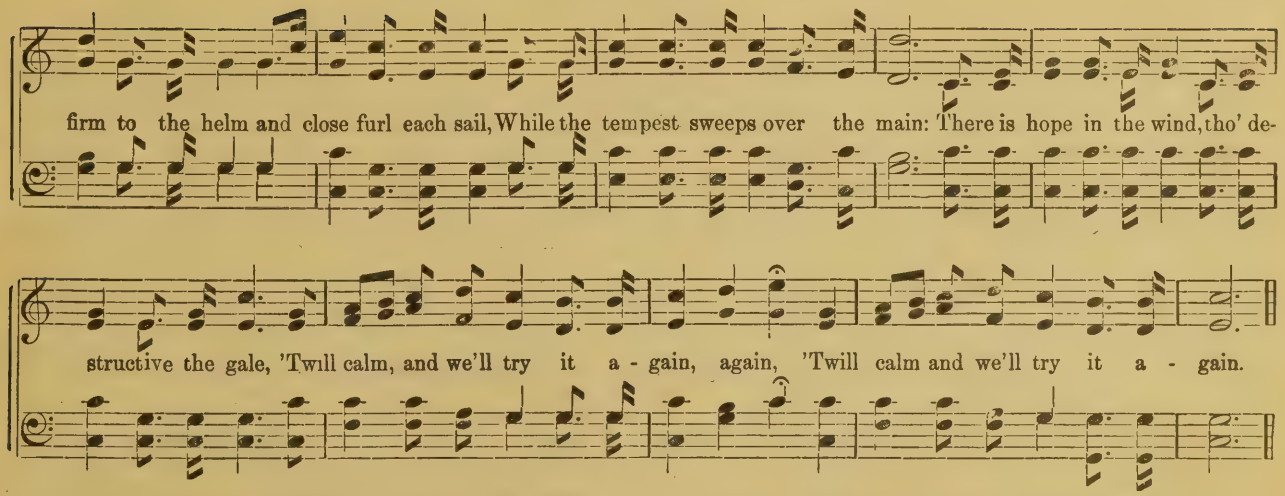
Father, merciful and kind,
While we labor for the right,
May we in Thy service find
Sweetest pleasure, pure delight.

All our follies, Lord, forgive,
Keep us from temptations free.
Help us evermore to live
Lives of holiness to Thee.

TRY IT AGAIN.

WORDS BY JOHN LYON. MUSIC BY J. EARDLEY.





There ne'er was a valley but hill-tops appear—
Nor a storm that 's not spent to a calm;
Nor a pain without pleasure, a hope without fear,
Nor a wound but has always a balm!
When the clouds of adversity gather around,
And our friends turn their backs in disdain,
Though the world should conspire all hopes to confound,
Let us up and go try it again, again!
Let us up and go try it again!

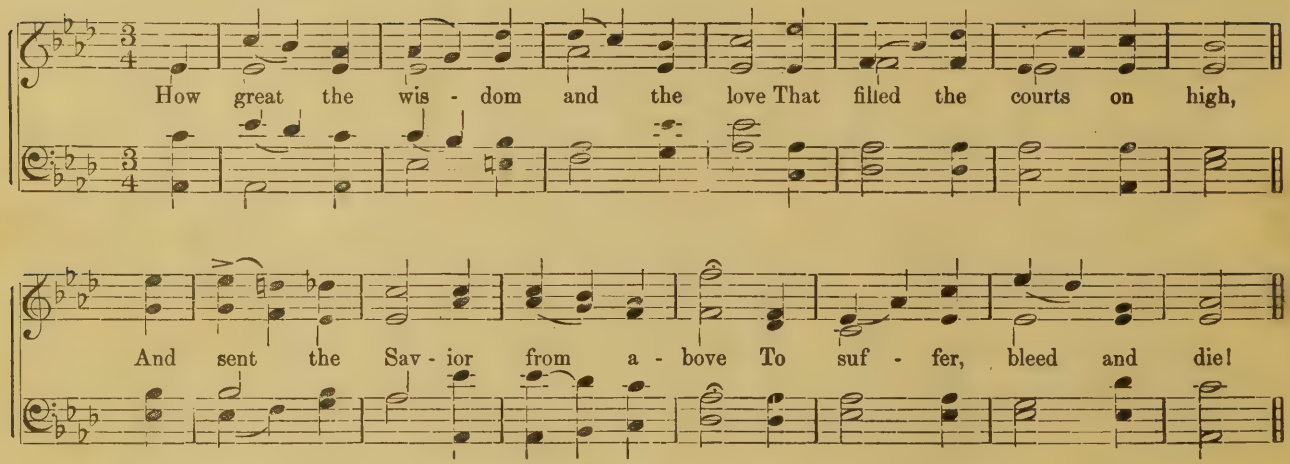
The fears of sad parting the pangs of regret,
The sighs of fond hope, or dull care,
Are feelings implanted to make us respect
The death-sting of hopeless despair!

Yes, the tear-drop of sorrow may darken the eye,
Like the sunbeams obscured by the rain,
But the clouds will disperse over hope's gloomy sky,
And cheer up our prospects again, again!
And cheer up our prospects again!

Then why do we shrink, though the chances of fate,
Are mingled in life's bitter cup!
'Tis a mixture designed by kind Heaven to elate,
And strengthen us ne'er to give up.
Then come weal, or come woe, let whatever betide,
Let us run, for the prize we'll obtain;
Though the race may be lost by the swiftest who ride,
Let us up and go try it again, again!
Let us up and go try it again!

SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW. MUSIC BY THOS. MCINTYRE.



His precious blood He freely spilt—
  His life He freely gave:
A sinless sacrifice for guilt,
  A dying world to save.

Through strict obed'ence Jesus won
  The prize with glory rife:
"Thy will, O God, not mine, be done,"
  Adorn'd His mortal life.

He mark'd the path and led the way,
  And every point defines,
To light and life and endless day,
  Where God's full presence shines.

How great, how glorious and complete
  Redemption's grand design;
Where justice, love and mercy meet
  In harmony divine!

In mem'ry of the broken flesh
  We eat the broken bread;
And witness with the cup, afresh,
  Our faith in Christ, our head.

MARCHING HOMEWARD.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

We're marching on to glo - ry, We're working for our crown; We'll make our ar - mor brighter, And nev - er lay it down. We're marching, marching homeward, To that bright land a - - far; We work for life e - ter - nal, It is our guid - ing star.

Then, day by day we're marching,
To heaven we are bound;
Each good act brings us nearer
That home where we'll be crowned.

Then, with the ransom'd children
That throng the s arry throne,
We'll praise our Lord and Savior,
His pow'r and mercy own.

THE PIONEERS.

WORDS BY J. H. WARD. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Vigoroso.

f They were an ex - ile band, Without a home to rest, But, guided by a Father's hand, Their wand'rings have been blest. For - sak - en by their friends, Despised and scorned by foes, They sought the aid the Highest sends, And in His strength a - rose, And in His strength a - rose.

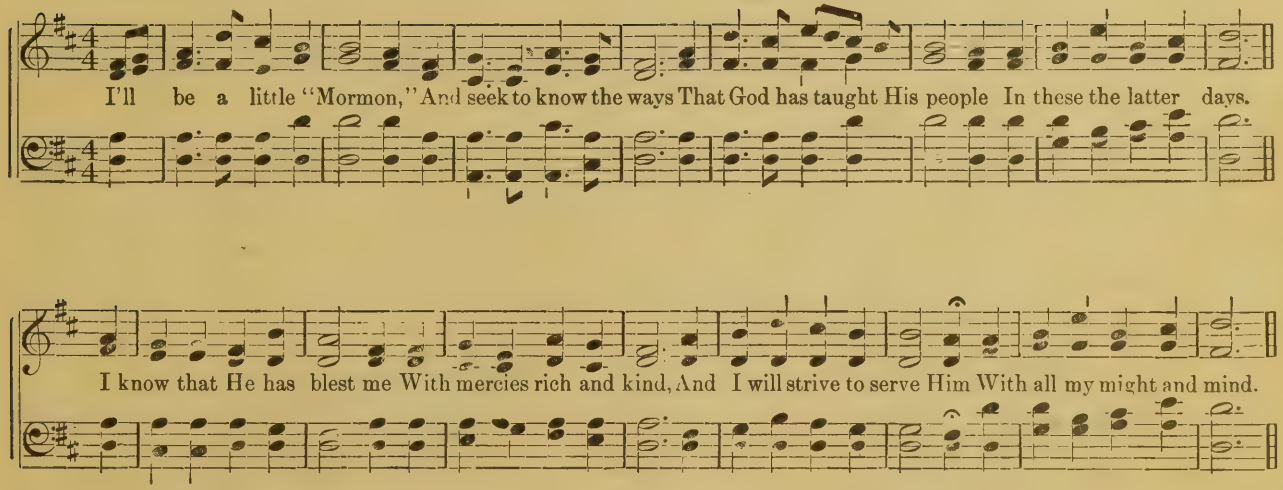
Poco rit.

O'er wide and lonely plains,
Past dark Missouri's tide,
Our fathers sought a home, where they
Might aye in peace abide;
Where each should have the right,
In peace to worship God,
Uninfluenced by the pomp of pride,
Unawed by tyrants' rod.

Amidst these mountains wild,
O, can we e'er forget?
They made this desert land to bloom,
The vales of De-eret.
Far from the scenes of vice
Beyond their foe's domain,
They made this mountain land their choice,
Let us their rights maintain.

WORDS BY LULA. MUSIC BY J. DETTON.

Moderato.

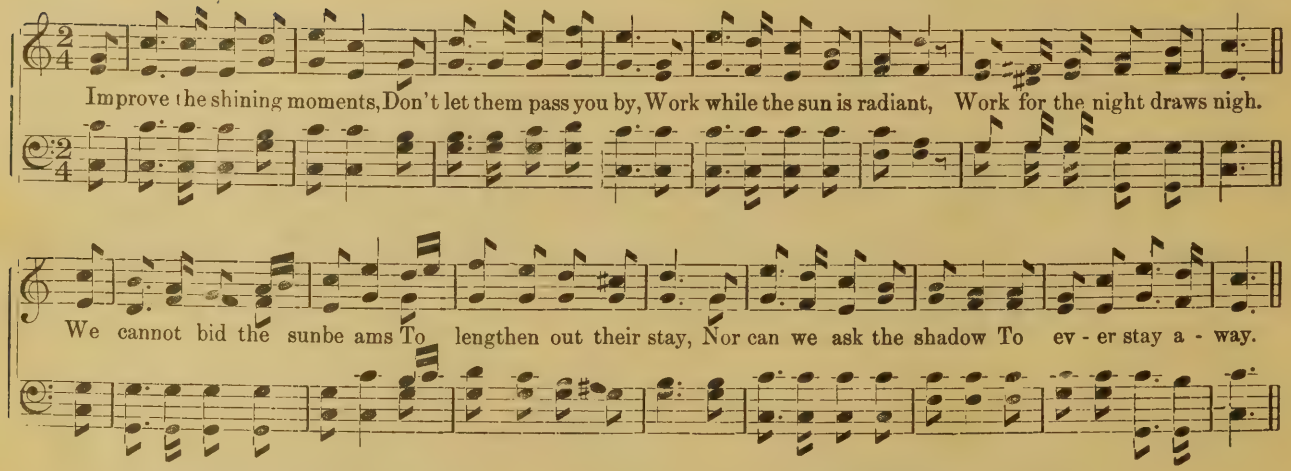


By sacred revelation,
Which He to us has given,
He tells us how to follow
The ancient sain s to heaven.
Though I am young and little,
I, too, may learn forthwith
To love the precious gospel
Revealed to Joseph Smith.

With Jesus for the standard,
A sure and perfect guide,
And Joseph's wise example,
What can I need beside?
I'll strive from every evil
To keep my heart and tongue—
I'll be a little "Mormon,"
And follow Brigham Young.

IMPROVE THE SHINING MOMENTS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY R. B. BAIRD.



Time flies on wings of lightning,
We cannot call it back;
It comes then passes forward
Along its onward track;
And if we are not mindful
The chance will fade away;
For life is quick in passing—
'Tis as a single day.

As Winter time doth follow
The pleasant Summer days,
So may our joys all vanish,
And pass far from our gaze.

Then should we not endeavor
Each day some point to gain,
That we may here be useful,
And every wrong disdain.

Improve each shining moment,
In this you are secure,
For promptness bringeth safety
And blessings rich and pure,
Let prudence guide your actions,
Be honest in your heart,
And God will love and bless you,
And help to you impart.

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

1 Let us oft speak kind words to each oth - er, At home or where'er we may be; Like the
2 Like the sunbeams of morn on the mountains, The soul they a - wake to good cheer; Like the

warblings of birds on the heather, The tones will be welcome and free; They'll gladden the heart that's repining, Give
murmur of cool, pleasant fountains, They fall in sweet cadences near. Let's oft, then, in kindly-toned voices, Our

Poco rit.

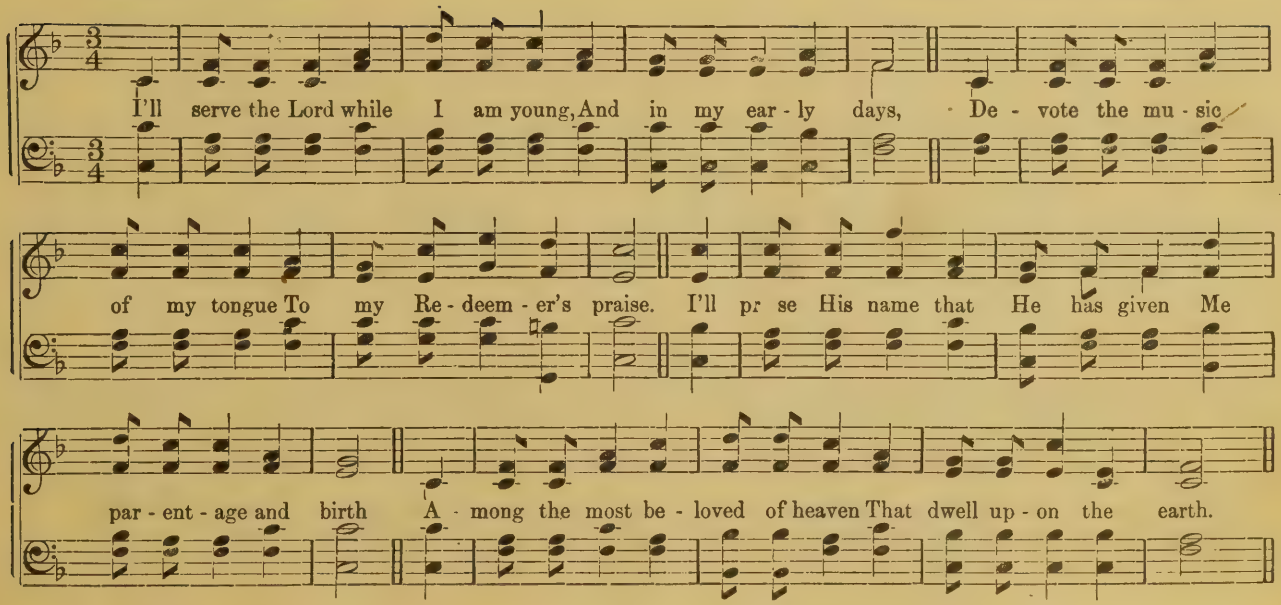
courage and hope from a - bove, And, where the dark clouds hide the shining, Let in the bright sunlight of love.
mu - tu - al friendship re - new, Till heart meets with heart and rejoices In friendship that ev - er is true.

CHORUS.

O, the kind words we give Shall in mem - o - ry live, And sun - shine for - ev - er im-

part; Let us oft speak kind words to each oth - er, Kind words are sweet tones of the heart.

WORDS BY E. R. SNOW. MUSIC BY THOS. MCINTYRE.



O Lord, my parents here preserve,
To teach me righteousness,
That my young feet may never swerve
From paths of holiness;
And, like the faithful ones of old
Who now behold Thy face,
May I be formed in virtue's mold
To fill a holy place.

While youth and beauty sweetly twine
Their garlands round my head,
I'll seek at wisdom's sacred shrine,
The gems that never fade.
Long may I sing Thy praises here
Among Thy Saints below,
And in eternity appear
With them in glory too.

LET LOVE ABOUND.

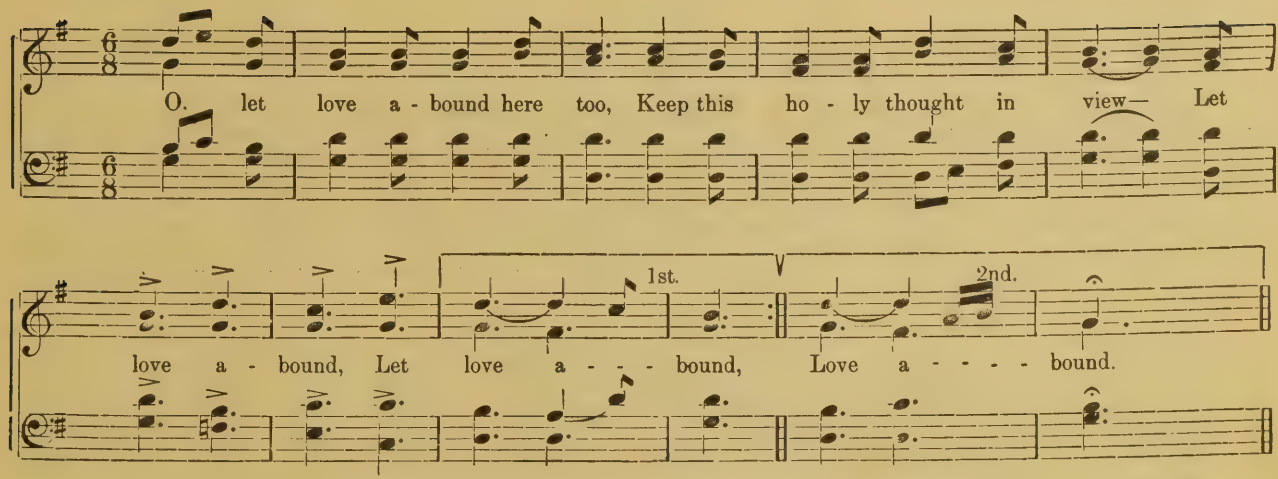
Words by J. L. Townsend. Music by E. Stephens.

In that bright and ho-ly cit-y, In our mansions far a - b ve, We shall dwell in sweet communion, For our

Ruler, God, is love. In that cit - y bright and fair, O, what pleasures we will share! Love all a-

round, Love all a - round. O, what pleasures we will share! Love all a - round.

CHORUS.



Not by strife with one another
  Can we onward, upward move,
But by charity most holy
  Do we live this life of love;
Loving all companions here,
Holding all as kindred dear;
  Love all around,
  Love all around.

Side by side we grow together,
  Side by side the wheat and tares,
Let us now, before the harvest,
  Act consistent with our prayers:
Helpful hands extend release,
Bringing unity and peace—
  Love all around,
  Love all around.

Hopeful, cheerful, kind and loving,
  Smiling often as we meet,
O, what joy will be our portion!
  Life with loving acts replete;
This is what the soul desires,
This is what the Lord requires—
  Love all around,
  Love all around.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND. MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

That the Lord will provide. Is a promise that's giv'n; Ye faithful and true, 'Tis a promise to you! So in meekness confide, And look

upward to heav'n; The Lord is our Father, The Lord will provide. The Lord will provide, The Lord will pro-

The Lord will provide, The Lord

vide, So in meekness confide, And look upward to heaven; The Lord is our Father, The Lord will provide.

will provide,

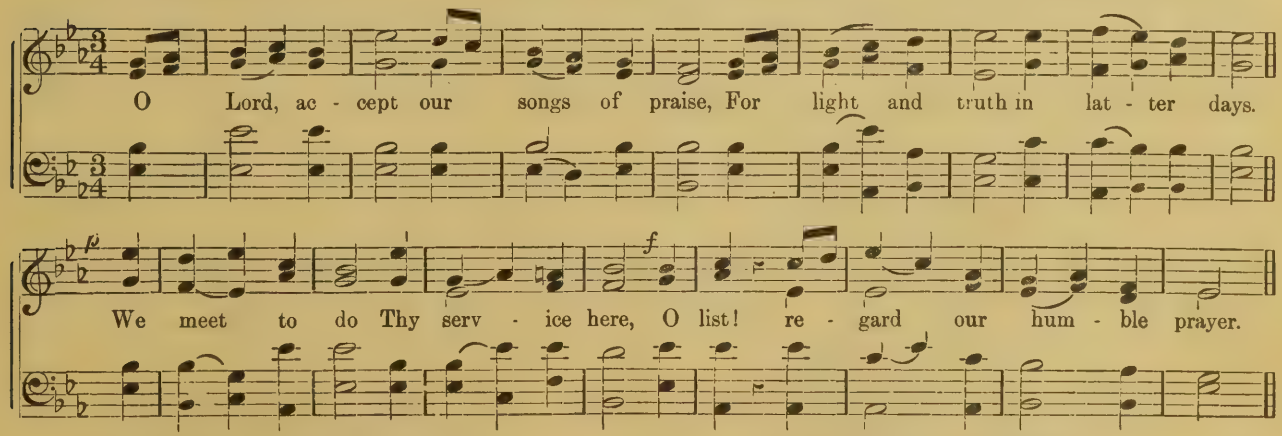
How the Lord will provide
From the store-house of heaven
We know not alway,
But yet will we pray;
For we're never denied,
When in poverty driven,
We ask for our Father,
The Lord, to provide.

What the Lord will provide
When He aids us from heaven,
Not always we know;
When in poverty low
He oft has supplied,
When we bravely have striven;
In wisdom our Father,
The Lord, will provide.

When the Lord will provide
From His store-house in heaven,
Just when He will aid,
He never has said;
Oft soon He's complied,
And oft waited and proven,
But always our Father,
The Lord, will provide.

SUPPLICATION HYMN.

WORDS BY R. ALLDRIDGE. MUSIC BY HENRY EMERY.



We hope, O Lord, that we may prove
The worthy objects of Thy love;
Watch o'er us while we thus incline
Our hearts to learning truths divine.

Before we from this meeting go
Do thou a blessing, Lord, bestow;
Accept our gratitude and praise,
And guide us through our future days.

SACRAMENTAL.

WORDS BY H. W. NAISBITT. MUSIC BY J. G. FONES.

For our de - vo - tions, Fa - ther we Invoke Thy Spir - it us to aid; From worldly tho'ts O,

set us free, To trust the prom - ise Je - sus made, To trust the prom - ise Je - sus made: "When

in my name but two or three Shall meet, I there w'll sure - ly be, Shall meet, I there will surely be."

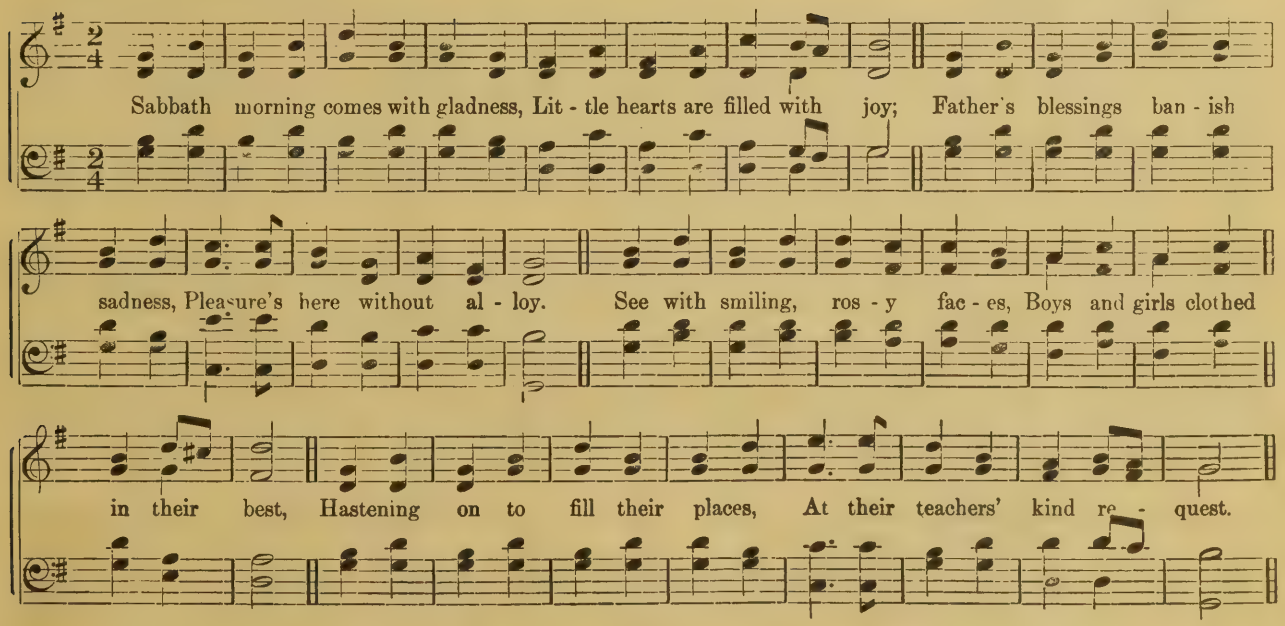
In Sabbath hours what peace, what rest,
What food, what life dost Thou impart!
One day in seven—of days the best—
This order shows how wise Thou art.
Oh precious boon, when Saints can meet
As one, around the mercy seat!

Pass to each one the broken bread,
Give each the cup, a token true;
Disciples by the Priesthood led
In the true Gospel, old, yet new.
What strength in covenants so renewed,
And with the Spirits life imbued!

And when the word comes clothed in power,
Truth gives its sure, unerring sound;
Comes there a more refreshing shower
In all of duty's sacred round?
From benediction. Saints retire,
And hearts are warmed by new desire!

SABBATH MORNING COMES WITH GLADNESS.

WORDS BY JAMES GALLAHER. MUSIC BY J. S. LEWIS.



O'er the earth the sun is shining,
Truth shines in the Sabbath school;
List, the Priesthood clear defining
Precepts like the golden rule.
Let us each be unobserving
Of the others' faults, and strive
Goodness to increase unswerving,
Like the bees within a hive.

May our Father's care be o'er us,
Guardian angels ever nigh,
Through life's journey go before us,
Lead us to the courts on high.
Principles our souls inspiring,
That were destined men to save,
Onward progress, never tiring,
In the life beyond the grave.

DAY OF REST.

WORDS BY GEO. MANWARING. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Welcome happy Sunday, Day of days the best, Gladly do we hail thee, Blessed day of rest.

Cheerful voic - es singing Joyous, grateful lays, Angels bear them heav'nward. Songs of love and praise.

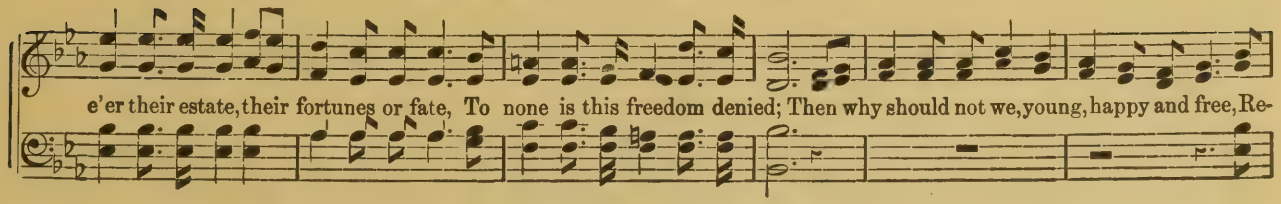
Humbly, lowly bending
To the God above,
Prayers of Saints ascending,
Thank Him for His love.

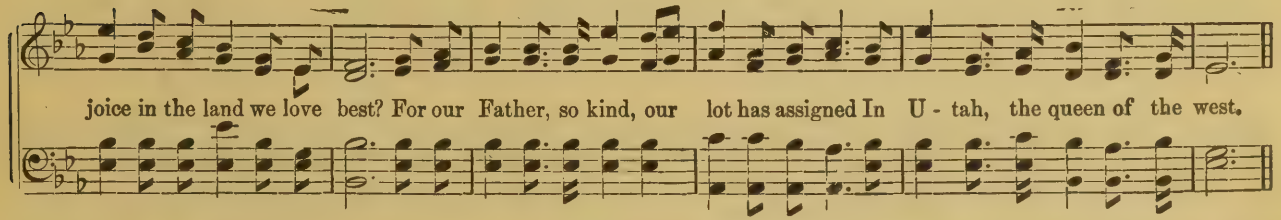
Thank Him for the Sabbath,
Holy day—and blest,
Best of all the seven,
Hallowed day of rest.

UTAH, THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

WORDS BY J. H. WARD. MUSIC BY J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

The youth of each land for their fa - ther - land stand, And boast of its grandeur with pride; What





The bold mountains rise, and point to the skies,
  Like sentinels round our abode;
And vales calm and sweet, repose at their feet—
  Fit home of the people of God.
From those cold, bleak forms, fit dwellings for storms,
  Flow the crystaline streams God has blest;
Rich harvests have smiled in the desert once wild,
  In Utah, the queen of the west.

The poor and oppressed, in this land of the west,
  Find plenty, and freedom, and joy;
Though the wicked may sneer, to us thou art dear,
  And fair as thine own sunny sky.

The gospel's proclaimed to all here on earth,
  And the meek and the lowly rejoice;
From Babylon they flee to this land of the free—
  To Utah, the land of their choice.

Thy sisters first born, who tauntingly scorn,
  Shall joy to do honor to thee;
With each coming hour thy glory shall tower,
  Till the nations thy beauty shall see.
Thy triumph is nigh, oppression shall die,
  For thee there is freedom and rest;
The years as they fleet shall bless our retreat
  With peace in this land of the west.

BEAUTIFUL DAY.

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND. MUSIC BY WILLIAM CLAYSON.

Allegretto.

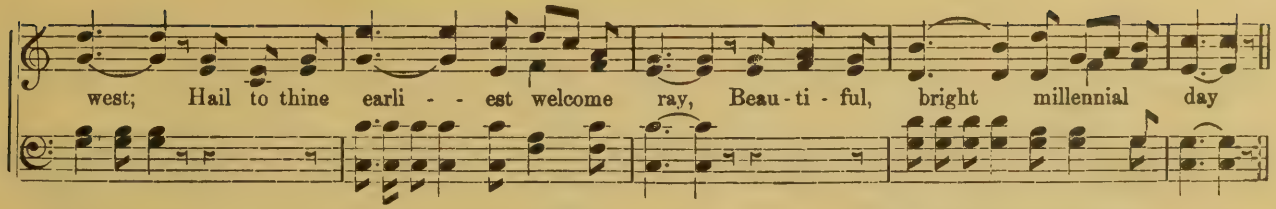
The day-dawn is breaking, The world is a - wak - ing, The clouds of night's darkness are flee - ing a - way.

The world-wide com - mo - tion From o - cean to o - cean Now heralds the time of the beau - ti - ful day.

CHORUS. *Moderato.*

Beau - ti - ful day of peace and rest, Bright be thy dawn from east to

Beautiful day of peace and rest, Bright be thy dawn from



east to west: Hail to thine earliest welcome ray, Beautiful, bright millennial day.

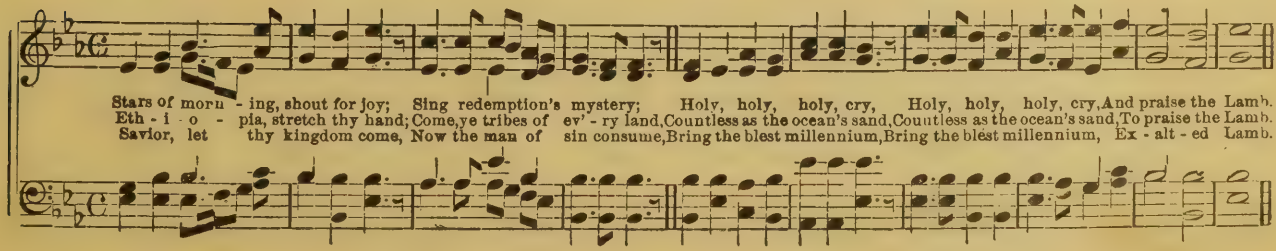
In many a temple
The Saints will assemble,
And labor as saviors of dear ones away;
Then happy reunion,
And sweetest communion
We'll have with our friends in the beautiful day.

Still let us be doing,
Our lessons reviewing,
Which God has revealed for our walk in His way,
And then, wondrous story,
The Lord in His glory
Will come in His power in the beautiful day.

Then, pure and supernal,
Our friendship eternal,
With Jesus we'll live and His counsels obey;
Until ev'ry nation
Will join in salvation,
And worship the Lord of the beautiful day.

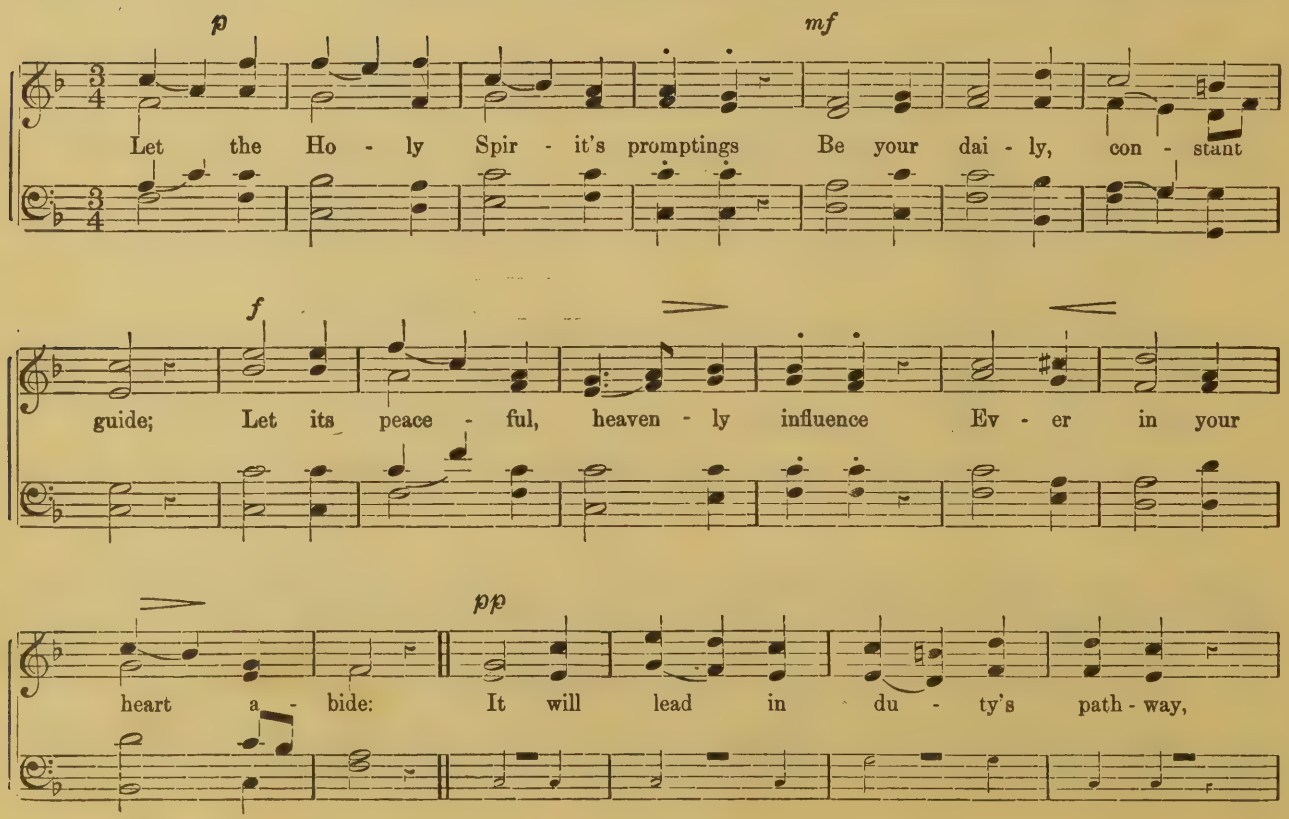
STARS OF MORNING, SHOUT FOR JOY.

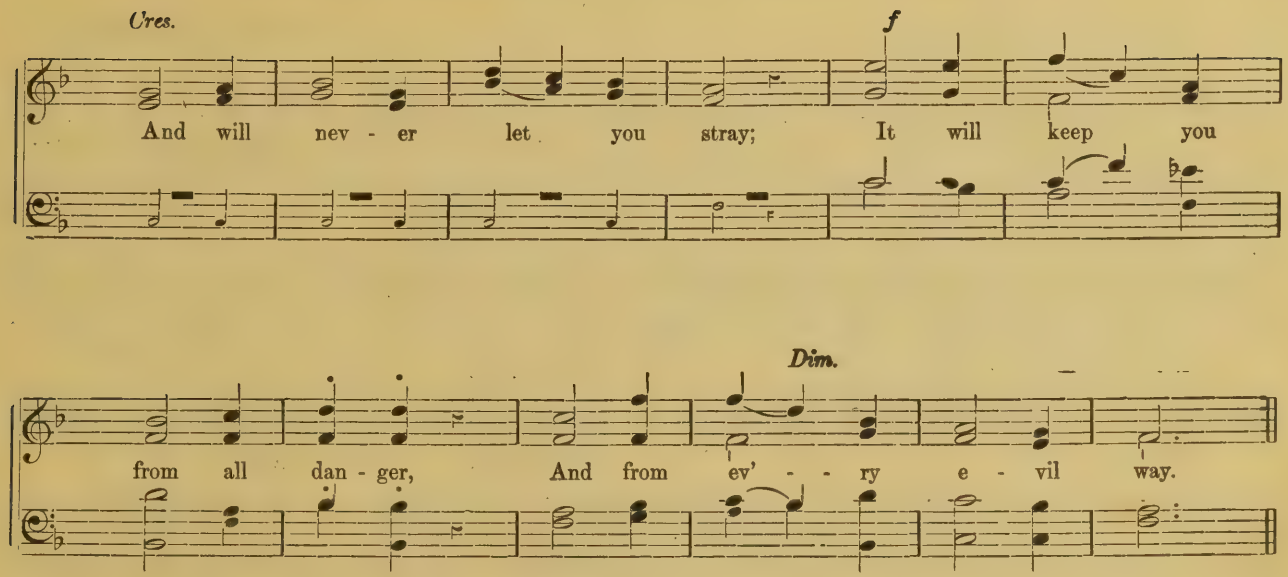
Con spirito. MUSIC BY THOS. DURHAM.



LET THE HOLY SPIRIT GUIDE.

Words and Music by Edwin F. Parry.



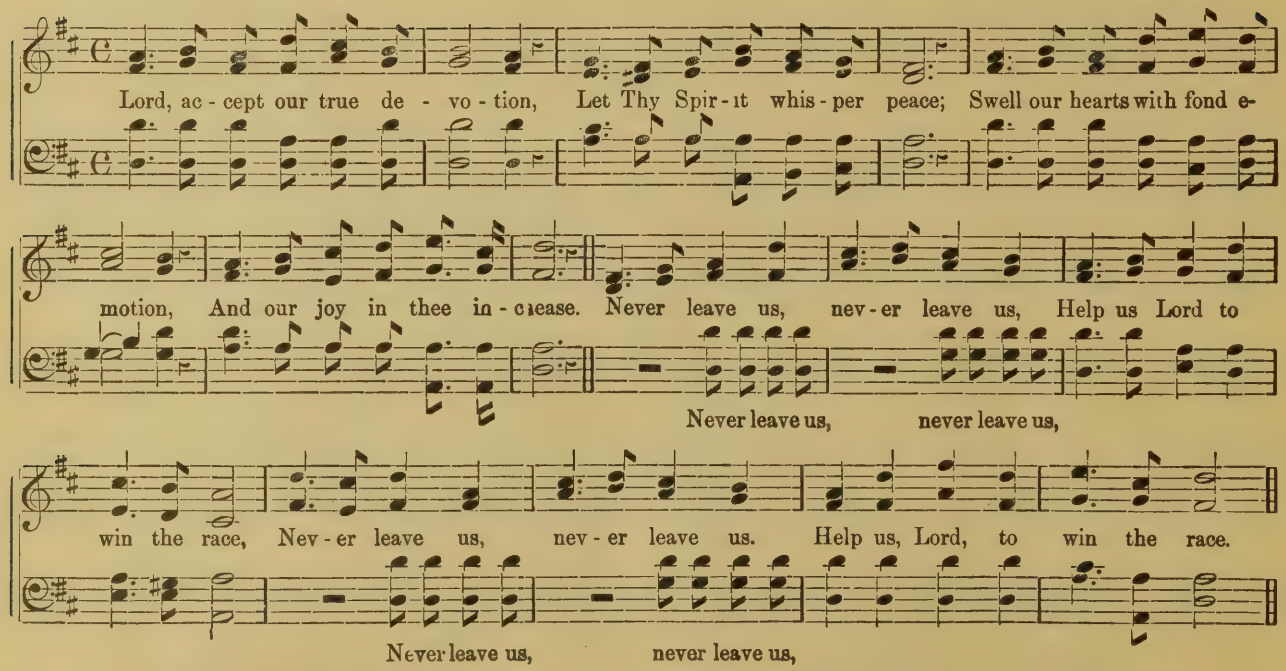


Let the Holy Spirit guard your
  Every act, and word, and thought;
Never make a single effort
  Till the Spirit's aid you've sought,
Cherish it as your companion;
  Heed its sweet and still, small voice;
If you listen to its dictates,
  Then through life you will rejoice.

Do not grieve the Holy Spirit,
  Or it will not with you stay,
But that it may dwell within you,
  To your Heavenly Father pray.
Ask in faith and He will answer,
  And will bless you from above;
He will send His Holy Spirit,
  Which will fill your soul with love.

DEVOTIONAL HYMN.

WORDS BY R. ALLDRIDGE. MUSIC BY J. J. DAYNES.

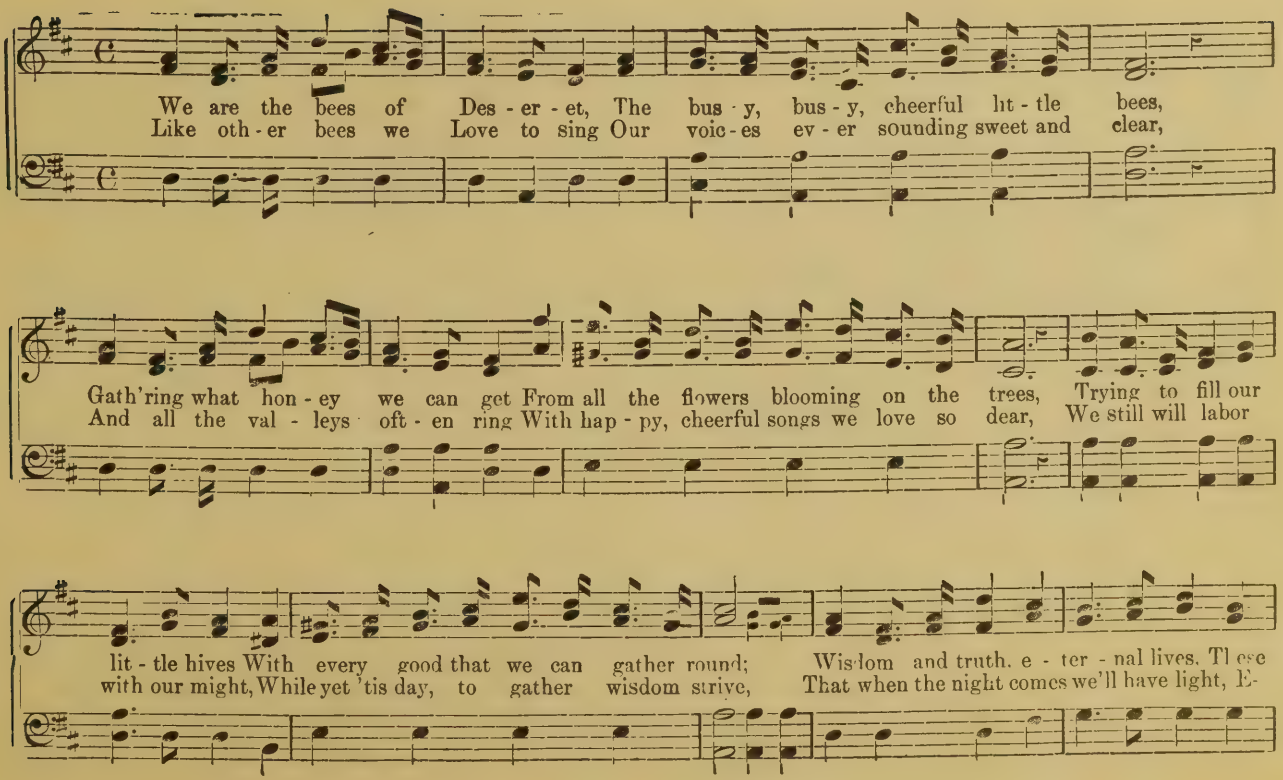


Aid us all to do Thy bidding,
And our daily wants supply;
Give Thy Holy Spirit's guiding,
Till we reach the goal on high,
Ever guard us, ever guard us,
Till we gain the victory.

May we with the future dawning,
Day by day from sin be free,
That on resurrection morning
We may rise at pease with thee;
Ever praising, ever praising,
Throughout all eternity.

THE BEES OF DESERET.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.



are the priceless treasures we have found. Workers are we, no idlers here Shall live among our busy. happy
ter - nal light to shine with - in our hives.

band; We gath - er hon - ey all the year, And plenty can be found on every hand.

WHAT PRIZE SHALL BE YOUR REWARD?

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Moderato.

When called to the throne of your Lord, And judged from the books of to - day, What
Is there, in the hopes of your heart. A hope for the fu - ture most dear, When

1st time. 2nd time.

prize shall then be your re - ward? For what do you la - bor and pray?
called from this life to de - part And dwell in a ho - li - er sphere?

CHORUS.

There's many a crown will a - wait The brows of the faithful and true; Just think, ere you find it too

late, If one is awaiting for you, Just think, ere you find it too late, If one is awaiting for you.

Improve well the time that is now,
For then all regrets will be vain;
Let honor enwreathe here your brow;
Prepare for the boon you would gain.
An hour is life's journey at best,
The moments are fleeing so fast;
Beware, or the Savior's request
Will find you still sleeping at last!

Remember, the course you pursue
Is surely recorded above,
That every act you may do
Is written, "for self," or "for love."
O, then, should the balance be found
"For self," in that day you will see,
Though blessings of mercy abound,
No crown for reward there will be!

SONG OF THE WORKERS.

WORDS BY H. W. NAISBITT. MUSIC BY J. G. FONES.

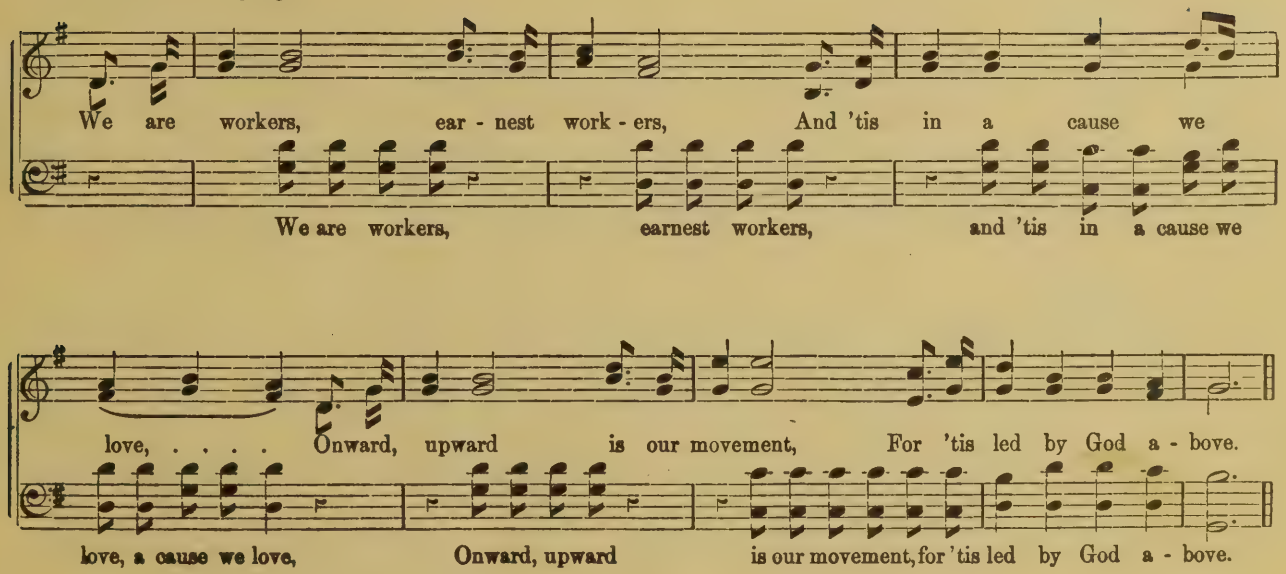
Moderato con expressione.

We are watchers, earnest watchers, For the coming bet - ter day, By prophets oft fore-

shadowed Mid old Israel far a - way; Their beacon fires were lighted by The true, the living

flame, God's Spir - it prompted ev' - ry one The fu - ture to pro - claim.

CHORUS. *Cheerfully.*



We are working, bravely working,
That the truth we may declare,
As many bands, yet one in heart,
We try to do and dare;
And heaven hath blessed our efforts—
Hear o'er all this favored land
That union is the key-note,
Struck by each unflinching hand.

We are looking, calmly looking
For a glorious future near,
For triumph and the victor's wreath,
For each brave worker here.
Our God is ruling over all,
His Priesthood points the way,
And Sabbath schools in union move,
To greet the coming day.

LIFE IS FULL OF TOIL AND CARE.

WORDS BY JAS. H. WALLIS. MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

Slowly. *p* *mf* *p*

Since life is full of toil and care, And joys are gained through sorrow, We'll dry the tear, no

mf CHORUS. *Lively.* *f*

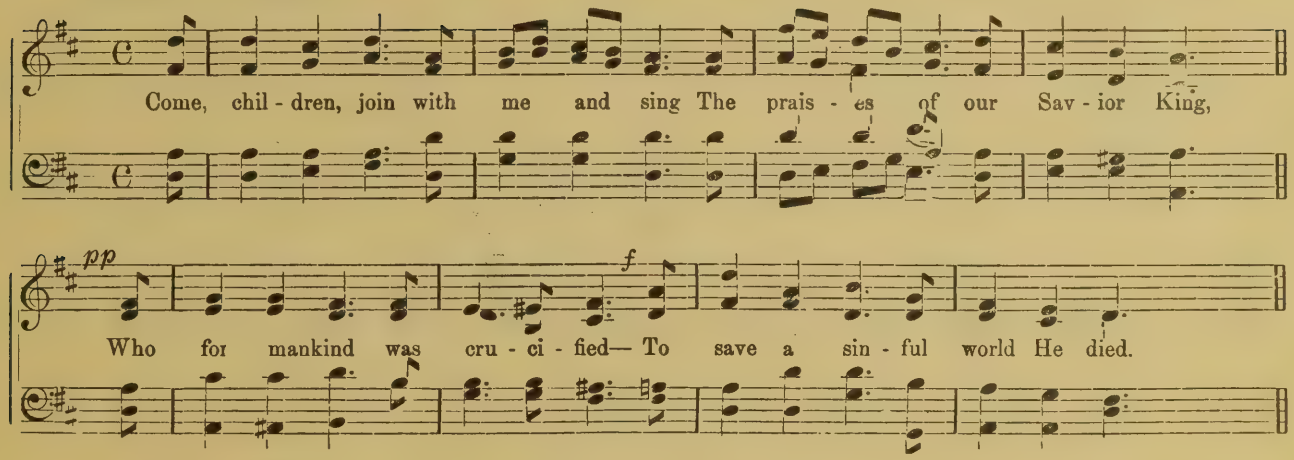
more despair. But glad - ly wait the morrow. Then since this life is full of care, And

joys are gained through sorrow, We'll dry the tear, no more despair, But glad - ly wait the morrow.

The sky may seem both dark and drear,
The clouds hang thick around us,
But see, the sun breaks forth to clear
The gloom that does surround us.

If o'er each trial we should mourn,
Where would we seek for pleasure?
In every trial are blessings born—
Each sorrow brings a treasure.

WORDS BY J. FURNISS. MUSIC BY ANN FELLOWS.



From heaven He came to show the way,
That children might not go astray;
He preached the only plan to save
Mankind from an eternal grave.

He was baptized in Jordan's flood,
With power He preached the word of God,
He told us how to keep God's day—
In holiness to sing and pray.

A charge He gave unto His Saints,
Whene'er they met without complaints,
To eat the bread and drink the wine—
An ordinance that is divine.

He soon will meet His Saints again,
A thousand years on earth to reign;
O, then will heavenly strains resound!
And Satan and his host be bound.

THE "MORMON" BOY.

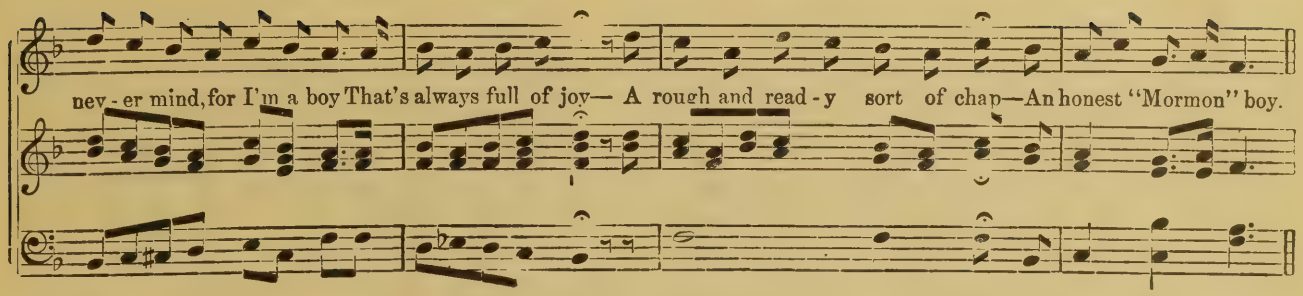
By E. Stephens.

Moderato.

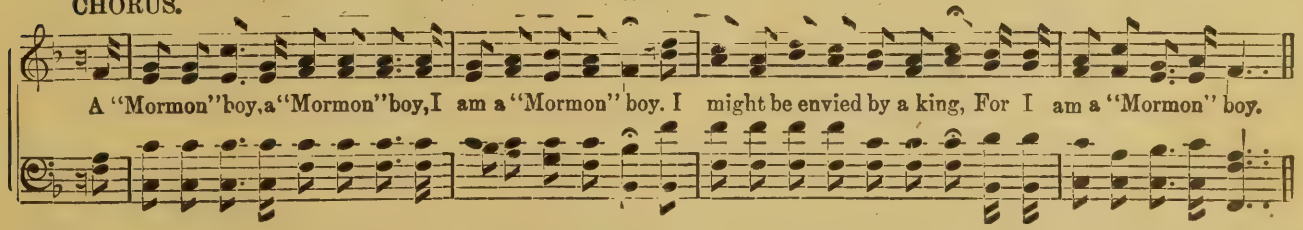
Voice.

Instrument.

Kind friends: as here I stand to sing, So ver - y queer I feel, That, now I've made my bow, I fear I don't look quite genteel; But



CHORUS.

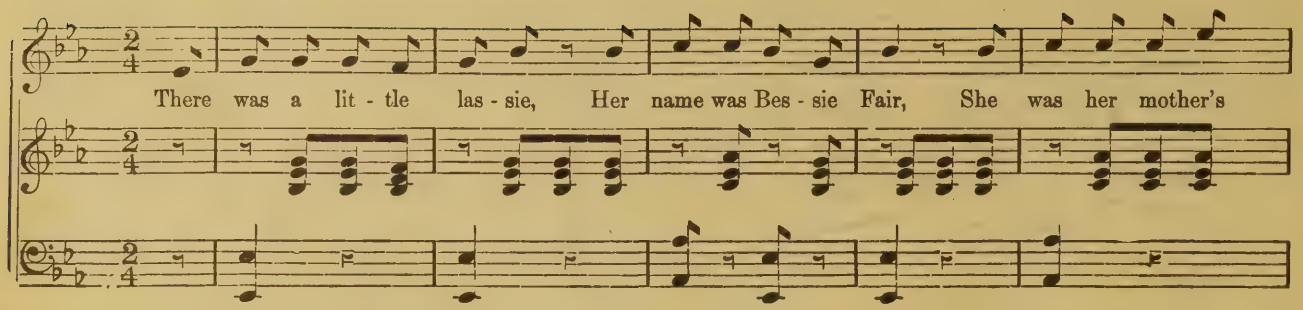


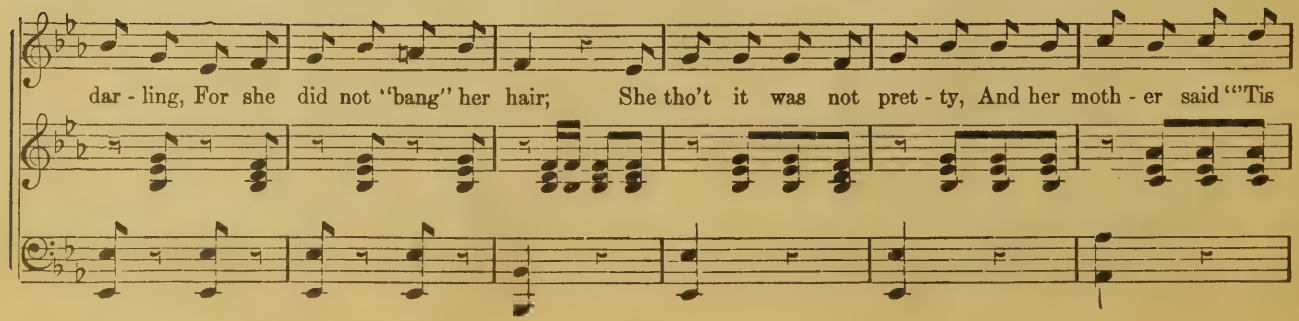
I'm proud to know that I was born
  Among these mountains high,
Where I've been taught to love the truth,
  And scorn to tell a lie;
Yet I'll confess that I am wild,
  And often do annoy
My dearest friends, but that's a fault
  Of many a "Mormon" boy.

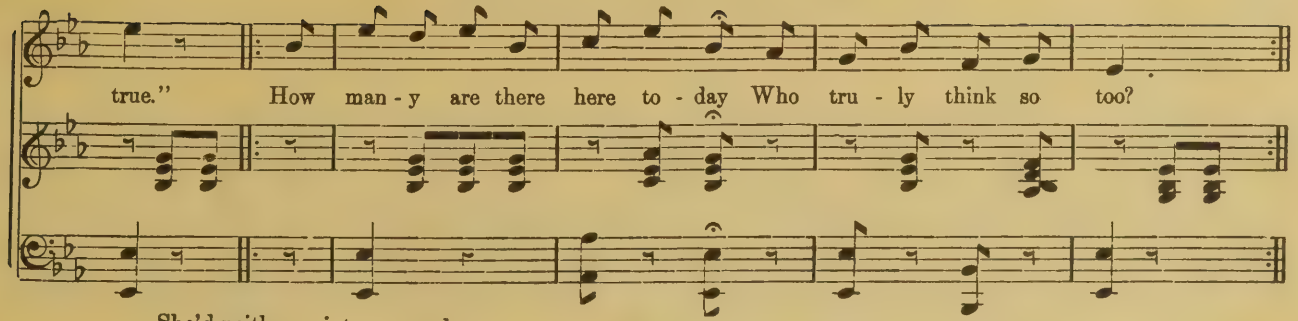
My father is a "Mormon" true,
  And when I am a man,
I want to be like him, and do
  Just all the good I can.
My faults I'll try to overcome,
  And, while I life enjoy,
With pride I'll lift my head and say,
  "I am a 'Mormon' boy."

BESSIE FAIR.

By R. S. Horne.







She'd neither paint nor powder,
Nor friz her flowing hair;
She was a perfect model—
Was my pretty Bessie Fair—
Of a lady kind and gentle,
And a daughter good and true.
How many are there here to-day
Who truly are so too?

She never would be guilty
Of using any slang,
She thought it unbecoming,
Quite as much as 'twas to "bang;"
She never would be idle,
Not when work there was to do.
How many are there here to-day
Who truly are so too?

At Sabbath school you'd find her,
With lessons well prepared;
She'd neither mince nor simper,
When her duty was declared;
With modest grace and manners,
She would stand up firm and true.
How many are there here to-day
Who'd truly do so too?

She was not vain nor haughty,
But simple, modest, kind;
Her judgment was not faulty,
But well-stored her thoughtful mind
With wisdom's richest treasures—
Many oft were brought to view.
How many are there here to-day
Who truly are so too?

Her father and her mother
Could trust her anywhere;
They knew she'd ne'er disgrace them
Once, by "putting on an air."
If you would be like Bessie,
You must keep this rule in view:
Let modesty and worth proclaim
The wealth that's stored in you.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

With Spirit. *mf*

With wond'ring awe, The wise men saw The star in Heaven springing, And with de light In

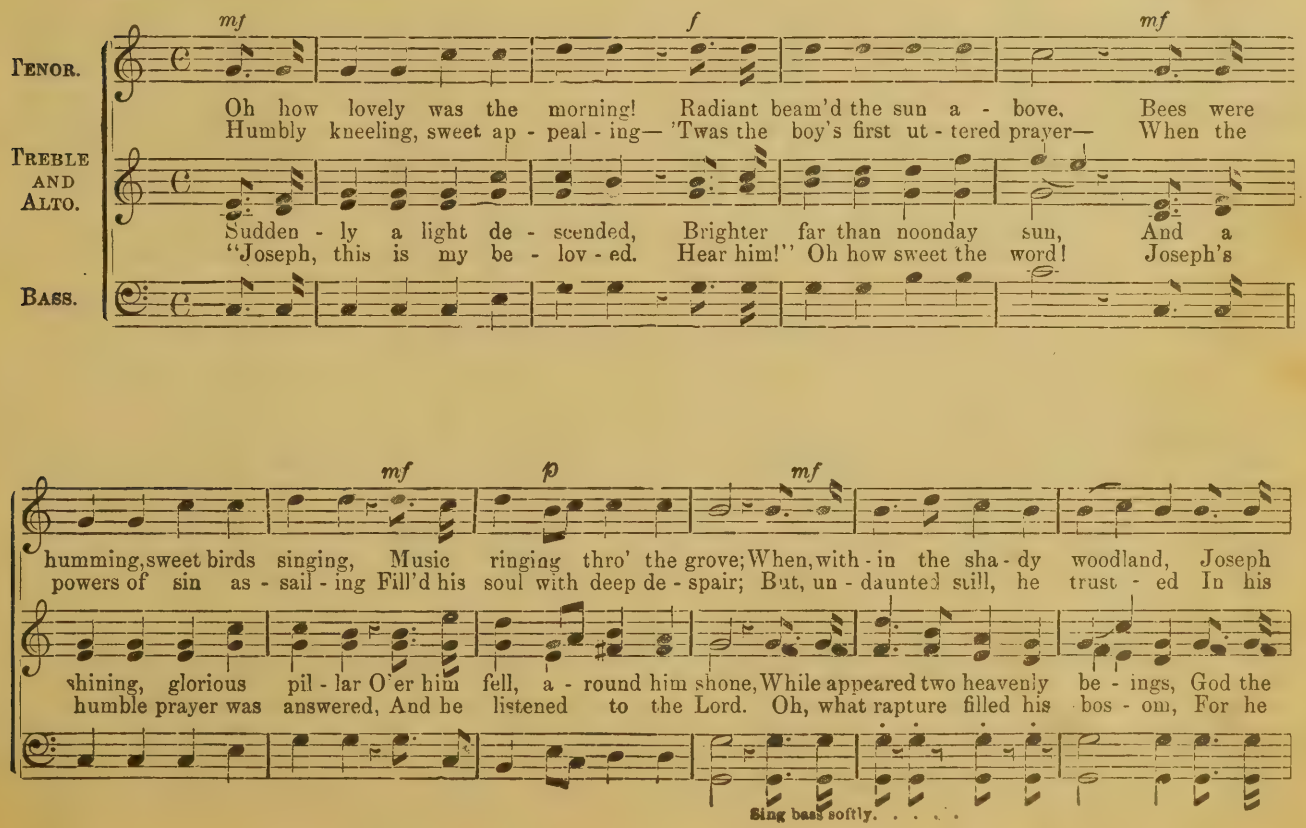
peaceful night, They heard the angels singing, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to His name!

By light of star,
They traveled far
To seek the lowly manger;
A humble bed
Wherein was laid
The wondrous little stranger.
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name!

And still is found,
The world around,
The old and hallowed story:
And still is sung
In every tongue
The angels' song of glory:
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name!

The heavenly star
Its ray afar
On every land is throwing,
And shall not cease
Till holy peace
In all the earth is glowing.
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna to His name!

WORDS BY GEO. MANWARING. MUSIC BY A. C. SMYTH.



mf

sought the God of love, When with - in the shad - y woodland, Joseph sought the God of love.
Heavenly Father's care, But, undaunt - ed still, he trusted In his Heavenly Father's care.

Father and the Son, While ap - peared two heavenly be - ings, God the Father and the Son.
saw the liv - ing God, Oh, what rapture filled his bos - om, For he saw the liv - ing God!

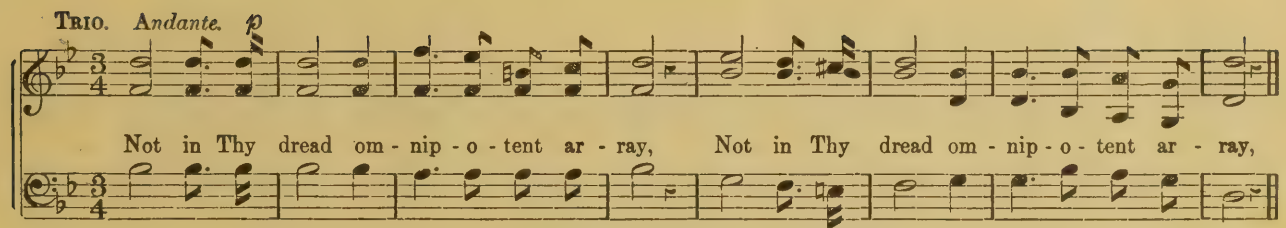
mf

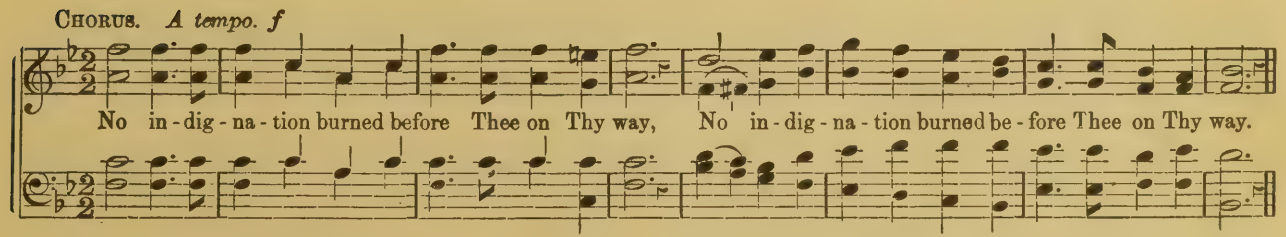
THE INCARNATION.

WORDS BY J. H. WARD. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Hail to the night when erst on Judah's plain, A glittering host proclaimed a Savior come;

Not in the gorgeous pomp of kingly train, But meekly to this world of sin and gloom;





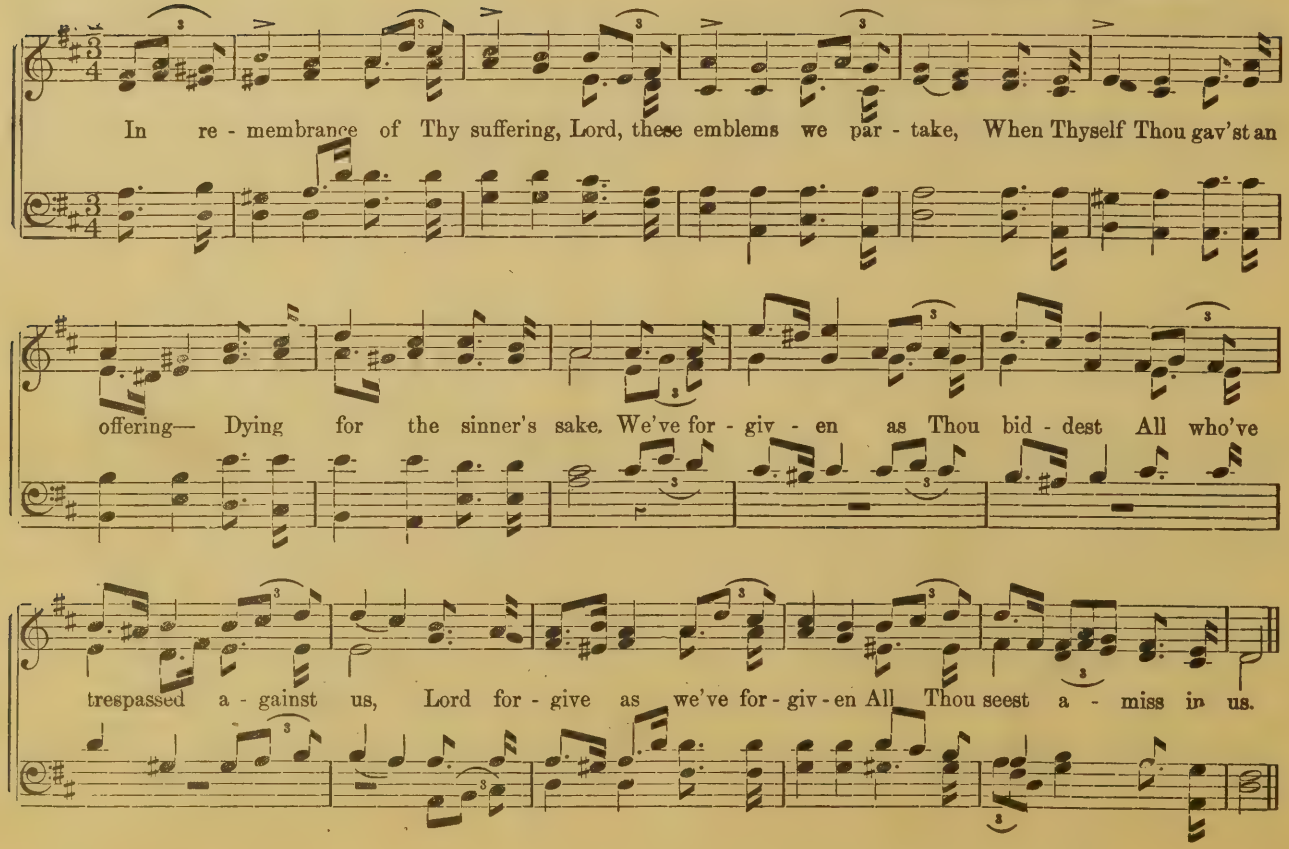
For thou was born of woman meek and mild,
  And in a manger rude was laid to rest;
Earth had no place for Thee, O Heavenly Child,
  Though earth by Thee alone was truly blest.
Angels, not men, proclaimed Thy mission here,
And yet for man alone Thou shedst Thine every tear.

For man alone was every sorrow borne,
  Hunger and thirst, and weariness and pain;
For man alone Thy sacred flesh was torn,
  That sinful man might bliss eternal gain.
Awhile the world grew dark for what was done
Then basked in sweet repose beneath a cloudless sun.

No clouds of vengeance lowered when in the tomb
  Thy weeping followers laid Thee, Holy One,
Soon camest Thou forth fresh in immortal bloom!
  Angelic servants rolled away the stone.
Thy work accomplished, slowly didst Thou rise,
Calmly, majestic, God-like to Thy native skies.

SACRAMENT PRAYER.

Words and Music by E. Stephens.

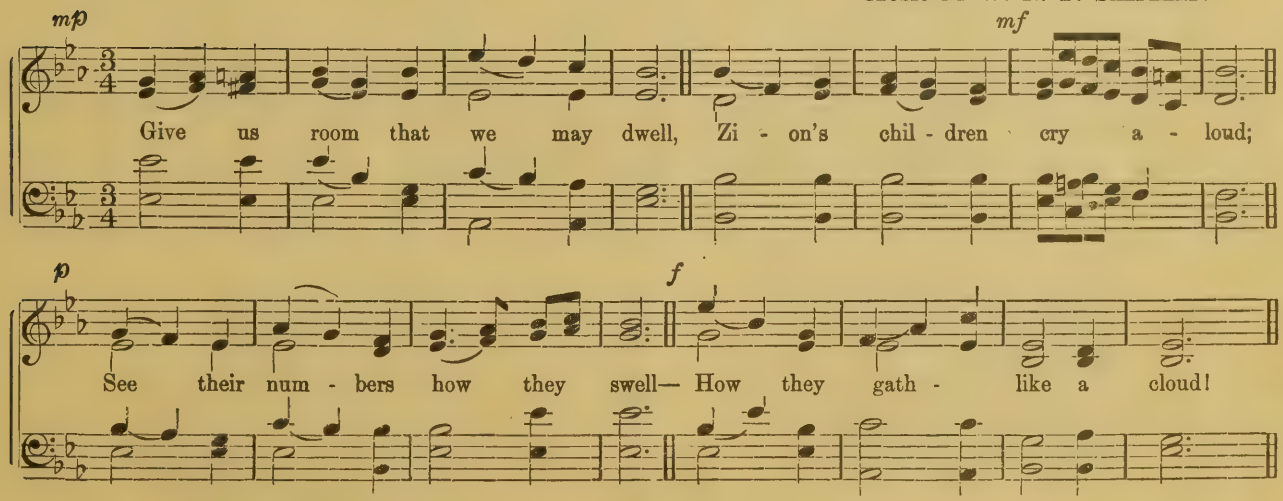


Purify our hearts, our Savior,
Let us go not far astray,
That we may be counted worthy
Of Thy Spirit, day by day.
When temptations are before us,
Give us strength to overcome;
Always guard us in our wanderings,
Till we leave our earthly home.

When Thou comest in Thy glory
To this earth to rule and reign,
And with faithful ones partakest
Of the bread and wine again,
May we be among the number
Worthy to surround the board,
And partake anew the emblems
Of the sufferings of our Lord.

GIVE US ROOM THAT WE MAY DWELL.

Music by W. N. B. Shepherd.

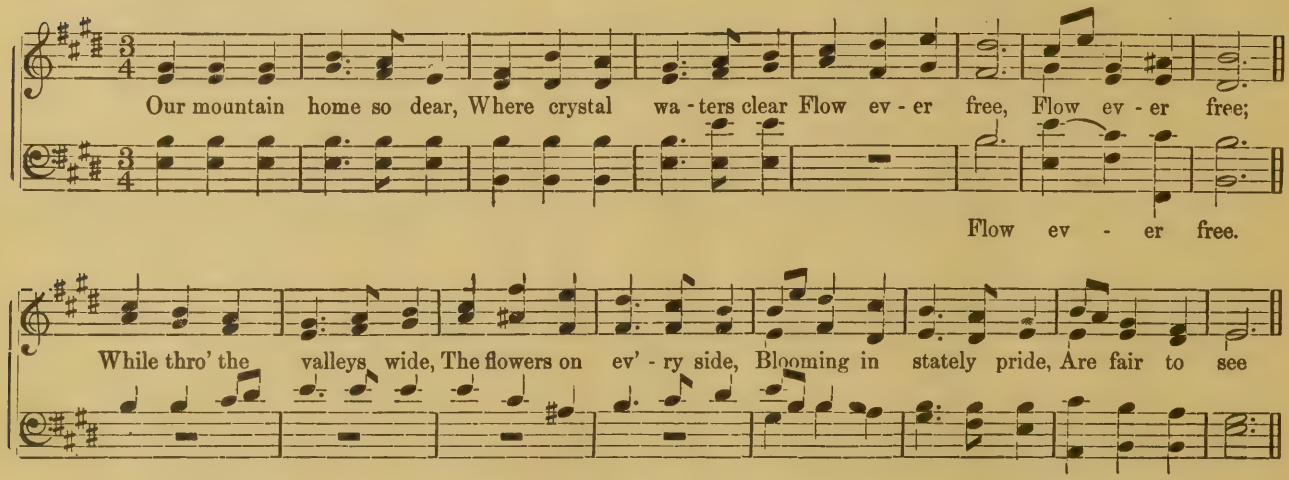


O! how bright the morning seems—
Brighter from so dark a night;
Zion is, like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight!

Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo, thy light from heaven is come!
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME SO DEAR.

WORDS BY E. B. WELLS. MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.



We'll roam the verdant hills,
And by the sparkling rills
  Pluck the wild flowers;
The fragrance on the air,
The landscape bright and fair,
And sunshine everywhere,
  Make pleasant hours.

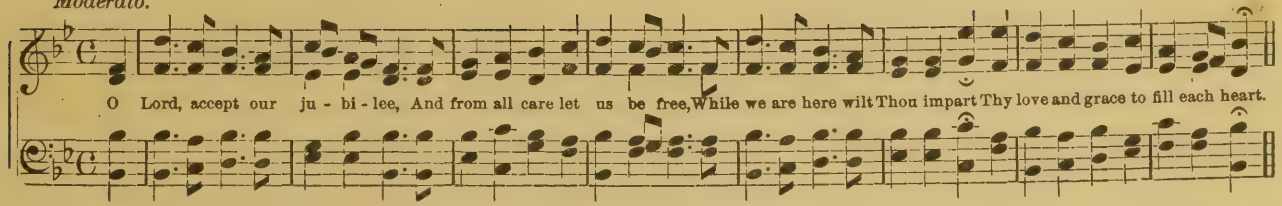
In sylvan depth and shade,
In forest and in glade,
  Where'er we pass,
The hand of God we see,
In leaf, and land, and tree,
Or bird, or humming bee,
  Or blade of grass.

The streamlet, flower and sod
Bespeak the works of God,
  And all combine,
With most exquisite grace,
His handiwork to trace,
Through nature's smiling face,
  In art divine.

JUBILEE SONG.

WORDS BY SAMUEL L. EVANS. MUSIC BY C. J. THOMAS.

Moderato.



Let Thy good spirit on us rest,
That one and all may thus be blest;
Unite our hearts with one accord,
To comprehend Thy will, O Lord.

Our Sunday Schools, may they become
The crowning pride of old and young!
And all find out the better way.—
For this and more we all will pray.

SET THY PEOPLE FREE, O LORD.

BY J. L. TOWNSEND.

[This Hymn may be sung to the above tune if desired.]

To Thee, O God, we now appeal,
Against a nation's evil laws;
Thy power in majesty reveal,
Protecting all who love Thy cause.

A tyrant foe oppression brings,
Forbidding us Thy will to do;
O Lord, accept our offerings,
And bare Thine arm to aid us through.

From off Thy Saints O break the bands,
Oppressive tyrants bind in hate;
Their slavish laws, and foul demands,
Forever now, O Lord, abate.

Our hearts in union unite,
In this petition, Lord to Thee;
Thy Zion now with peace requite,
And from our foe-men make us free.

Obedient to Thy laws divine,
And by Thy Holy Spirit's grace,
Our beings now perfect refine,
Till we may all behold Thy face.

ALL NATURE VITES OUR PRAISE TO GOD.

WORDS BY A. P. WELCHMAN. MUSIC BY R. B. BAIRD.

The opening buds of Spring- time, When birds so sweetly sing, In - vite our tune - ful
Life's full of grace and bless - ings From out His liberal hand, Then praise Je - ho - vah

voic - es To praise the mighty King. Ex - pand - ed flowers in Summer, With
ev - er, Ye Saints in ev' - ry land.

D. C.

fruits and fields of grain, Call for our hearts' thanksgiving In mu - sic's joyous strain.

The autumn's varied colors,
The garnered gifts of heaven,
Proclaim that for His bounty
Our praises should be given.
When Winter spreads his mantle,
Of snowy crystals rare,
Our gratitude we render,
For His protecting care.
Life's full of grace and blessing
From out His lib'ral hand,
Then praise Jehovah ever,
Ye Saint in every land.

FAITH.

BY J. L. TOWNSEND.

[This Hymn may be sung to the Tune on the opposite page, if desired.]

The mind's complete conviction
That things unseen may be,
Assured by testimonies
That truthfully agree,
Is faith, as mere believing
In evidences true,
And all degrees possessing
Have those who truth pursue.
But faith regarding heaven
A gift must be from God,
The Holy Spirit giving
Its evidences broad.

The gospel then obeying,
Our faith in things above,
The Holy Ghost our teacher,
Increases with our love.
Till faith in truths presented
To knowledge grows each hour,
While faith and knowledge blended
Become the gospel power.
The promised gifts receiving
We prove our faith is true,
And onward to perfection
The narrow way pursue;

While faith combined with labor
We join in sweet accord,
In building up the kingdom,
The Zion of our Lord.
So faith is more than shallow
Belief in things above,
'Tis hope and trust accruing
With confidence and love.
'Tis power as God commissions,
In priesthood now conferred,
Till man ,and sea ,and mountain
Must, yielding, heed its word.

DOUBLE CHANT.—The Ten Commandments.

By A. C. Smyth.

1st Tenor.
2nd Tenor.
Treble.
Alto.
1st Bass.
2nd Bass.

1. Thou | shalt have none | other gods but | me; | Before | no | idol bend thy | knee;
2. Give both thy par | ents | hon · or | due; | Take heed that | thou no mur - der | do;
3. Nor make a will | ful | lie nor | love it; | What is thy | neighbor's dare not | covet;

1. Take not the name | of | God in | vain, | Nor dare the | Sab - bath | day pro- | fane.
2. Abstain from words | and | deeds un- | clean, | Nor steal though | thou art | poor and | mean.
3. With all thy soul | love | God a- | bove, | And as thy- | self thy | neigh - bor | love.

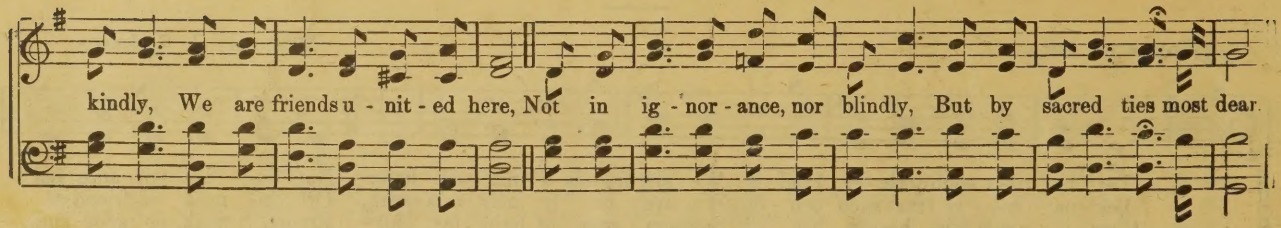
WORDS BY LULA. MUSIC BY J. S. LEWIS.

Let us treat each oth - er kind - ly, We are friends u - nit - ed here; Not in ig - nor - ance, nor
Let us tru - ly trust each oth - er, We are on - ly mor - tals weak, Oft in need of friend or
Char - i - ty's fair beacon lift - ed, Scatters rays of light for all— Erring, weak, or good and

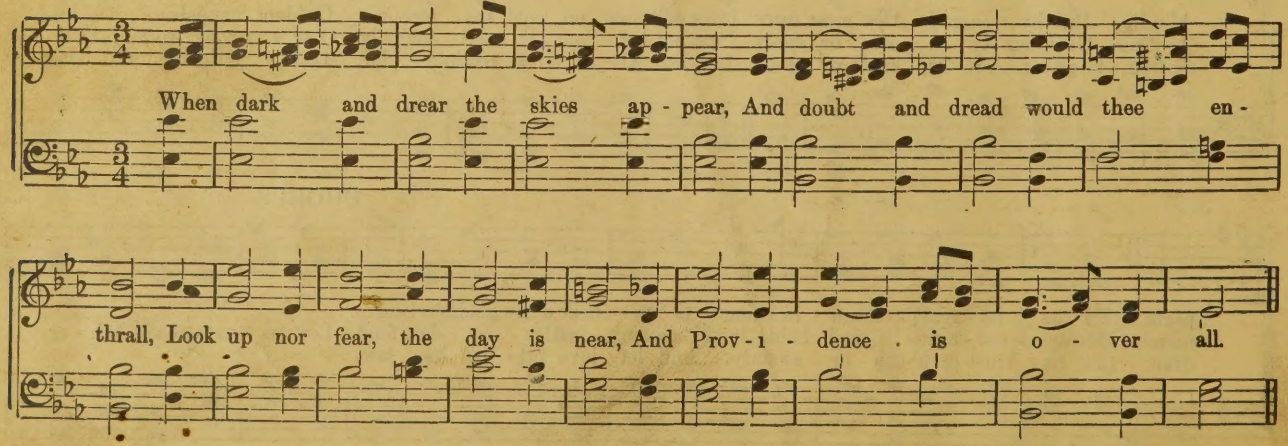
blindly, But by sacred ties most dear. Love will own no cold sus - pic - ion, Golden sunshine it im-
brother, Gen'rous - ly to act or speak. Pass not si - lent - ly and cold - ly O'er a wrong we might a-
gifted, High or low - ly, great or small; Let us al - so strive complete - ly, Hast - y judgements to with-

CHORUS.

parts, And its ho - ly, pure am - bi - tion Is to cheer and gladden hearts.
mend, But speak ear - nest - ly and bold - ly. Truth and justice to de - fend. Let us treat each oth - er
draw; Let us trust each oth - er sweetly, And let love ful - fill its law.



PROVIDENCE IS OVER ALL.

WORDS BY EMILY H. WOODMANSEE. MUSIC BY JOS. J. DAYNES.

Moderato.